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NATIONAL REVIEW

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S.L. VARNADO

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Letters

The Athens of America

If there are people who read David Brudnoy's article on Boston ["Fear and Loathing in Boston," Oct. 25] and did not sympathize with the whites they should go back and read the piece on Boston by Francis Russell which you published last year. It is clear enough from Russell's piece that the situation Brudnoy describes—given the decision of Judge Garrity—would be inevitable. Writing about the place where a young woman, Evelyn Wagler, had been burned to death by six young Negroes, Russell says, "... the only figures I saw were those of young black males anywhere from 16 to thirty, ... eyeing the world, and me in particular, with challenging hostile glances. I drove round the block twice, and the second time these young men in their slouch hats watched me more narrowly, stabbed out their cigarettes with contempt as I passed, and I could sense their latent threat like a declaration of war." As a responsible parent would you bus your children to school in that area?

Greenwich, Conn.

FRANCIS SEWELL

Next Myth, Please

Madsen Pirie ["The Tiger Cages Revisited," Sept. 27] takes care of the "tiger cage" myth all right, but omits to defuse his potential detractors—who would argue, no doubt, that merely because he saw no one tortured at Con Son prison doesn't mean that people are not being tortured elsewhere—somewhere. The argument is a standard one of the Left, attempting as it does to shift the burden of proof to the man asserting the negative—i.e., to the person who says that there are not people being tortured, that there are not more than 35,000 prisoners. The Left must always be made to be specific in its charges; only then is it possible to refute them. Viz: specific assertions were made about so-called tiger cages on Con Son; those assertions have been disproved.

New York, N.Y.

DANIEL STONEWATER

Vichyssoise and Ideas

R. H. Coase ["The Market for Ideas," Sept. 27] sees no fundamental difference between the market for goods and the

market for ideas. He seems, somehow, to have missed the essence of the issue.

Publication of Mr. Coase's article places him in the ranks of producers of ideas. I wonder if he would argue that he has the same reasons for being dishonest as would a producer of goods. I would argue for him that his reasons would be quite different. Mr. Coase may indeed have presented me fraudulent ideas, but their fraudulence is hardly likely to increase his financial reward. The difference is not inconsequential; it is basic, and to ignore it is to ignore much we know of how people behave.

I, of course, am a consumer of Mr. Coase's ideas, and Mr. Coase would equate my consumption of his notions with the consumption of corn flakes. But when I consume a cup of vichyssoise, it and my investment in it are gone; I cannot reconsider. And if the producer has allowed a trace of botulism to slip in, it may kill me. When I consume an idea, however, it may or may not appeal; it may knock about my head for a while, picking up support or suffering battlefield losses. The transaction is hardly irrevocable, and that difference is crucial.

Besides, government and its policymakers have little direct investment in the electricity, or the corn flakes, that they regulate. If they turn out to, they are regarded as having a conflict of interest, and are booed from the gallery. They have a considerable interest in ideas, however, particularly political ideas. The question here is not whether regulators are fallible; the question is whether anybody is sufficiently independent to decide what notions ought to be regulated.

Raleigh, N.C.

PHINEAS R. FISKE

Freedom and Art

Linda Bridges' ballet review ["The Men's Season," Sept. 27] brought to mind a point that a conservative magazine ought not to let pass.

A number of dance critics have recently gone out of their way to say that all the Soviet defectors left for purely artistic reasons, and that if the Kirov would allow their people more freedom to dance what

(Continues on page 1269)

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This Giant Protected You for 50 Years. Now, Get to Know Him – for the First Time

J. Edgar Hoover is the first objective biography about the man whose name is synonymous with the FBI. Generally sympathetic but not uncritical, veteran newsman Ralph de Toledano unveils Hoover's life from birth to death, showing how he took a corrupt political instrument and made it into the greatest investigative organization in the world – and, in his last years, allowed some rigidity to creep in.

Because Hoover's life was the FBI and because the FBI reflected his spirit and character, this book deals extensively with the Bureau. Toledano recreates the early years of the FBI; Hoover's relations with Attorneys General and Presidents; the crime years when G-man became a household word; how Hoover was plunged into the investigation of Communism by FDR; his remarkable record against Nazi espionage; his frustration when his bosses refused to let him break up a Soviet atomic-spy ring.

Toledano examines in fascinating detail the FBI's role in the Hiss case; Hoover's role in the Brownell-Truman confrontation over Harry Dexter White; Hoover's record on civil rights and loyalty-security investigations; his stormy relations with Bobby Kennedy and Ramsey Clark; and the Martin Luther King episode. Toledano's critical eye also focuses on the final years, and how Hoover responded to the crescendo of attack.

Observations by insiders add spice to this account of Hoover's life. There are surprises, too. Toledano contends that Hoover's "most rewarding and most relaxed period was during the administrations of President Roosevelt." The Kennedy regime was another matter: "From the very start, Robert Kennedy had made it clear that he considered the FBI a kind of private police for the Administration and Hoover a kind of desk sergeant to carry out orders." Indeed, "Temperamentally, there could be no rapport between Bobby Kennedy and Edgar Hoover." Mr. Toledano gives us the inside story of their struggles.

"John Edgar Hoover did not wear golden shoes," records Toledano. "He was sometimes wrong, sometimes right. But he loved America, he believed in America, and he fought for America. For most Americans, that was enough."

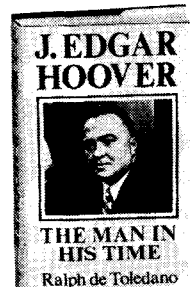
In writing **J. Edgar Hoover**, Ralph de Toledano went to the obvious sources. But he also kept extensive notes of off-the-record conversations when the FBI was one of his beats as a *Newsweek* editor, and later as a Washington correspondent. Result: a great reporter brings alive one of the greatest Americans of our century – and, finally, does him justice.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

by
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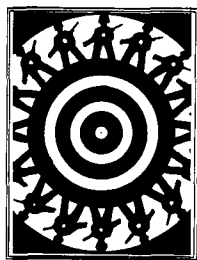
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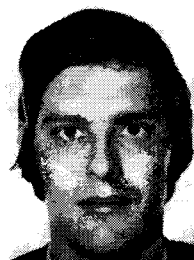
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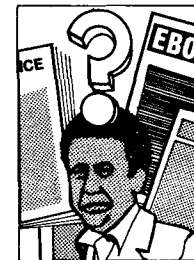
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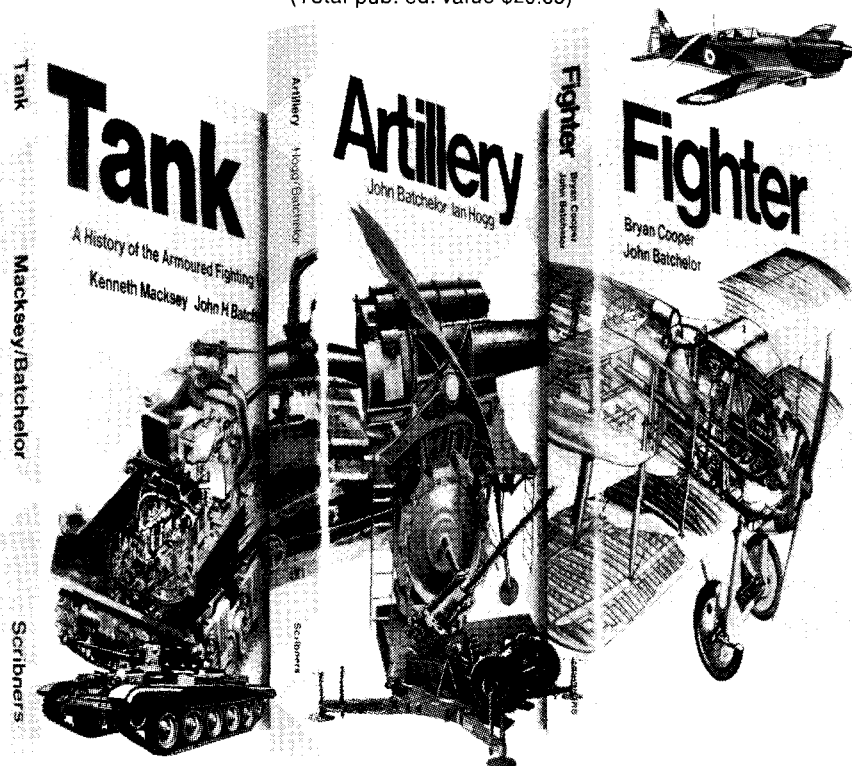
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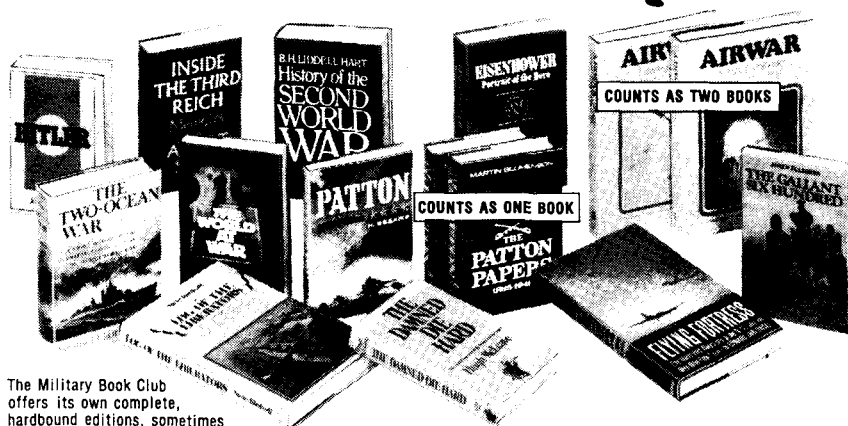
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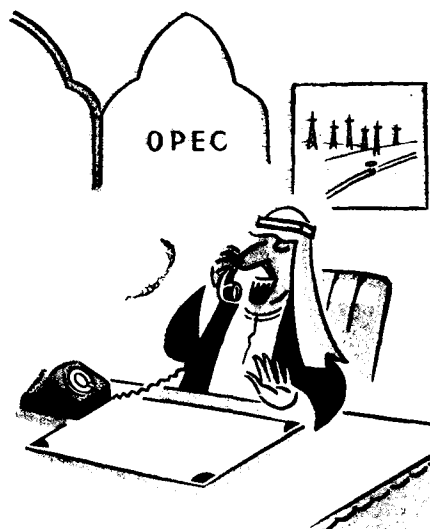
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FOR THE RECORD

■ Going into the stretch: **Gallup** predicts the election day turnout in this non-presidential year will be the lightest ever. . . . **Knox Pitt**, an official of the Democratic Campaign Division, thinks the Democrats may end up holding 40 governorships—the highest number since 1936 when, however, there were only 48 states. Others find that figure somewhat exaggerated. . . . At AFL-CIO COPE headquarters they're predicting a gain of 40 House seats—which would give **George Meany** a "veto-proof" lower House but not a veto-proof Congress. . . . The biggest fundraisers in Senate races were incumbents **Alan Cranston** (Calif.) \$890,000, **George McGovern** (S.D.) \$850,000, **Richard Schweiker** (Pa.) \$614,000, and **John Glenn**, who is running for seat being vacated by **Howard Metzenbaum** in Ohio, \$803,000. . . . For the first time in his career **Jacob Javits** is in trouble. *Newsday* (L.I.) poll taken first week in October showed him ahead of challenger **Ramsey Clark** by only seven points. Javits had 39 per cent, to 32 per cent for Clark, 9 per cent for Conservative Party candidate **Barbara Keating**, with dangerous 20 per cent still undecided. If Clark makes it, writes columnist **Joseph Kraft**, he will be "in a strong position to take George McGovern's place as the liberal hope for the Democratic presidential nomination." . . . Senator **Henry Jackson**, who wants that nomination, was doing his best to kiss and make friends with McGovern wing of party by campaigning for such leftists as Father **Drinan** in Massachusetts, and Representative **Abram Mikva** in Illinois.

■ Republicans have lucked into quite a good situation in South Carolina where Democratic gubernatorial candidate **Charles "Pug" Ravenel** was ruled ineligible a month before election day, raising hopes of GOP candidate Dr. **James Edwards**. Ravenel had been



Punch

Rothco

"Sorry—it's Group policy to deal with consumer nations individually and not as a Group."

leading **Edwards** by 58 per cent to 21 per cent in late September polls. . . . In Arkansas **Judy Petty** was given a better chance (still not a terribly good one) to upset Representative **Wilbur Mills** after his dustup with the Argentine Firecracker and the Park Police. Mrs. Petty is the first Republican to challenge Mills in 38 years. (The *bon mot* making the rounds in Arkansas about Mills is "hasn't he suffered enough?") . . . Maryland voters are looking forward to election night when **Barbara Mandel**, the former wife of Governor **Marvin Mandel**, will be a member of an election night panel on station WJZ-TV. "What I like most," says the first Mrs. Mandel, "is to talk about politics." . . . **Rockefeller/Goldberg** book revelations have set diligent reporters on another hunt: they're trying to find out who funded the Century 21 Publishing Company which surfaced just long enough in 1964 to bring out one book, a hatchet job called *Goldwater: A Political Indictment*.

■ Senator **Edmund Muskie**, musing aloud the other day on possibility that he will make another presidential race, named as other Democratic possibilities in '76 Senators **Jackson**, **Mondale**, **Bentsen**, and **Stevenson**, Governor **George Wallace**, and probable November 5 winners: **John Glenn** and **John Gilligan** of Ohio, **Edmund Brown Jr.** of California, and **Hugh Carey** of New York. Muskie failed to mention **Ramsey Clark** or **George McGovern**, the man who beat him out in '72. . . . **Jack Conway**, the former **Walter Reuther** aide who is now president of **Common Cause**, thinks there's a four-way split in the Democratic Party that makes it unviable; believes there should be a new centrist party to pull in the 33 per cent of the people who now list themselves as independents. The four factions in the party Conway isolates are: the blacks, the Wallacites, labor, and the New Democrats (the **McCarthy-McGovern** wing). . . . Liberal Republican Governor **Tom McCall**, stepping down in Oregon after eight years, thinks there should be a team of experts "who are above partisanship, to advise the government on on-going national crises." He suggests as first four members of the team: **Ralph Nader**, **John Gardner**, **Elliot Richardson**, and himself. . . . The most harassed publisher of the day is **Carolyn Hagner Shaw** of the *Green Book*, Washington D.C. social register. It will come out over a month late after what Mrs. Shaw describes as "the most confusing year" in the 44-year history of the *Green Book*.

■ Climate of Terror Note: The **Communist Party's Daily World** now publishes a small coupon ad on page 11 of its 12-page paper in which readers are invited to fill in name, address, and zip code and send in their requests for further information on how to join the CPUSA.

and how they wished, they would not have a defection problem.

That prediction may well be true, but it dodges the real point: *freedom*, on which artistic freedom depends. Rudolf Nureyev, for example, has made it clear that the general oppressiveness of Soviet society—and especially the enforced politicization of the Kirov—was as important to him as not being allowed to dance new works.

This spring, Nureyev made a statement to a *New York Times* interviewer that deserves to be widely quoted: "You know, I have just finished reading Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's book, *The Gulag Archipelago*. . . . Even if only 5 per cent of what Solzhenitsyn writes is true, it is a very important book. I feel that everyone should be given free copies of it. It is vital to be aware of what could happen—even in this country. People must stand sharp guard over their democracy and personal freedom."

Baltimore, Md.

LAURA DI STEFANO

Corrigenda

Cato's "Letter from Washington" [Sept. 13] was in error. Joseph T. Robinson was Democratic *minority* leader until 1932. The Democrats have been in control for so long that Cato has forgotten that the Republicans normally controlled Congress between the Civil War and the election of FDR in 1932. Cato credits Mr. Robinson with service as majority leader for the full period between 1923 and 1937. Thus, Mike Mansfield has served as Democratic *leader* longer than anyone else.

Shaker Heights, Ohio

JOSEPH G. BLAKE

I thoroughly enjoyed your issue of October 11. However, in the otherwise excellent article on China by Mr. Robert S. Elegant ["The Honeymoon That Wasn't"] there are several errors in the anecdote about Lord Elgin.

1. The Lord Elgin who headed the British mission to China was not the Lord Elgin who transported the "Elgin Marbles" to England, but his son.

2. Lord Elgin's mission to China took place in 1858, not 1839.

3. The words attributed to Lord Elgin are taken out of context, and convey a meaning that is the opposite of what the noble lord actually intended. The statement made by Lord Elgin, in reply to an address by the British merchants of Shanghai, was, "The expectations held out to British manufacturers at the close of the last war between Great Britain and China, when they were told that a new world was opened to their trade, so vast that all the mills in Lancashire could not make stocking-stuff sufficient for one of its provinces, have not been realized."

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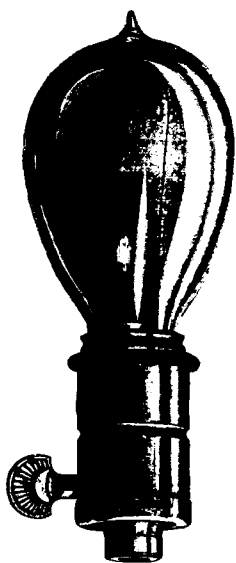
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Your comment on Eugene McCarthy ["The Week," Sept. 13] was inaccurate in several respects.

McCarthy stayed in Miami for most of the 1972 Democratic convention; it is not true that he left town after one day.

The reference to "Stassen's Disease" was absurd. Harold Stassen ran for President four times (1948, 1952, 1964, 1968). To my knowledge, the only public figure today who matches Stassen's record is Hubert Humphrey. In addition to his favorite-son candidacy in 1952, Humphrey ran for President in 1960, 1968, and 1972. Just pleased as punch to be there every time.

The epithet "Kennedy-loathing" was also incorrect. *NATIONAL REVIEW* may be obsessed with Ted Kennedy. McCarthy is not.

Your "Letter from Washington" of September 27 was mistaken in saying that McCarthy "is heating up a third party candidacy." McCarthy is working toward an independent ticket in 1976. There will be no party organization and no effort to run candidates for offices other than President and Vice President.

Washington, D.C.

RONALD COCOME

Chairman, Committee for a
Constitutional Presidency

Whose Imperialism?

Mr. James Fitzpatrick's way out for Ireland [Aug. 30] makes a strong appeal to logic. But logic rarely counts against the intensity of national feeling and least of all in Ireland. To an Englishman, even a liberal Englishman, who has seen the Conservative Party lose its majority in our Parliament because its traditional allies, the Ulster Unionists, deserted it the moment it tried to persuade them to accept a measure of power sharing, Mr. Fitzpatrick's idea of a federal Ireland whose defense and foreign policy would be controlled from Dublin looks less practical on the ground than it sounds logical on paper.

But even on a basis of logic it is hard to see why if a majority in the southern counties had the right to secede from Britain, a majority in the six northern counties should not have the right to union with Britain. Is imperialism less reprehensible just because it comes from Dublin instead of London?

London

GEORGE EDINGER

Cyprus, Greece, . . .

James Burnham's columns on Cyprus of September 13 and October 11, however objective they may appear, clearly avoid pointing out how this situation came about. NATO, the cornerstone of our foreign policy, has refused to live up to its own charter and condemn the use of brutal force against an unarmed, peaceful Christian nation. The U.S. is now busily helping an aggressor with more weapons and technical assistance, and all this against her own laws, the UN Charter, and any concept of decency.

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By the way, the Turkish minority factor in Cyprus (the island was sold to Britain by Turkey) was introduced by Britain in order to avoid turning Cyprus over to its rightful owners, the Greeks.

Are we in the U.S.A., as leaders of the free world, against a war that threatens to destroy two Christian nations? If we are against it, we certainly have a strange way of showing it.

Pittsburgh, Pa. DINOS W. KATSAFANAS

... and Turkey

In referring to western Turkey and Hatay in his October 11 column, Mr. James Burnham is overlooking the fact that both of those territories have belonged to Turks for over 600 years and have always been considered parts of the Turkish homeland. If Turks had wanted, there wouldn't have been one single Greek-speaking Greek Orthodox left even in Greece itself.

Let's not deny the facts of history. Because the Greeks feel that way does not justify Cyprus' being Greek. Turks have held the island longer than any other people and during more than 300 years they have never denied the Greeks their ethnic or religious rights as the Greeks have been doing to them since 1960.

Turks are not lost in a crazy "Enosis" dream and aren't just sneaking in to claim the top 40 per cent of Cyprus. Theirs is a reaction to Greek aggression, which probably is the only way to end a crisis that can never end any other way.

Winona, Minn. DEMIR INAL

Fluoride and the FDA

You report ["The Week," August 16]: "Now twenty years later the Food and Drug Administration is quietly investigating whether fluoridated water may not be harmful to your health."

Well, I knew that bunch of nitwits had lost most of their marbles, but if they come up with anything about fluorine we have had it. Practically everything we eat contains at least one part per million of fluorine. Memphis' (and other cities') water supply has two parts per million. Tea leaves have over 500 parts per million of fluoride, and so a cup of tea has appreciably more fluoride than any city water supply. Some anti-fluoride zealots

(Continues on page 1313)

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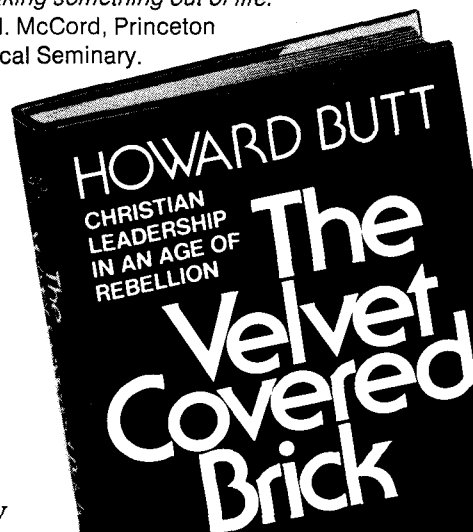


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THE WEEK

■ Your Tax Dollar in Action Dept. The Agriculture Department has determined that mothers prefer no-iron clothing for their children. So, too, do fathers who buy their children's clothes. It cost the Department \$113,417 to make the survey that established these preferences.

■ Export controls are gaining in congressional popularity just as a House-Senate committee has agreed to increase the Export-Import Bank's authority to subsidize exports (with \$25 billion in low-interest loans over four years). The risk of export controls is that they reduce the attractiveness to foreigners of holding dollars and thus contribute to devaluation of the dollar in foreign exchange. The foolishness of Eximbank loans is that they divert scarce capital to foreign buyers on better terms than are available at home. Hasn't anyone heard of free trade?

■ Congressional skirmishing with the President over foreign aid to Turkey has come to an end, called, essentially, on account of time: the Congress wanted to go home for vacation. The ban on military aid to Turkey is postponed until December 10 unless before then Turkey sends any U.S. military equipment to Cyprus, or violates the ceasefire, or increases its force on the island. It's not absolutely clear who won the skirmish. In the compromise reached with the President, Congress made the point that it wanted to have a stronger voice in the conduct of foreign affairs, a point the President isn't going to forget. If things go wrong in Turkey, he will

Thinking the Unthinkable

In 1856, the GOP
(Part Free Soil, Northern Democrat, and Whig)
Emerged to drive a nail in slavery
Before the institution got too big.
In retrospect, I wouldn't dance a jig
Upon the party platform of the day:
Hypocrisy was high and prigs were big
As Fremont got the movement under way.
By 1860, Southern disarray
Gave Lincoln/Hamlin just enough to win.
The Whig and Free Soil parties passed away;
The black Republicans were really in.
If Reagan were to do a split this fall,
My bags are waiting. How about y'all?

W. H. VON DREELE

try to make it clear that what happens is Congress' responsibility. That may not be an easy task, however, although a Democratic sweep in November might make it easier. After the elections, after, that is, the Greek-Americans have come home from the polling booths, Congress may also get exercised over the resumption of poppy-growing in Turkey and may try its hand again at foreign policy. In which case it would do well to note a remark of Turkey's foreign minister: "Obviously aid is not provided to us because of the possibility that very close friends of the U.S. might attack us."

■ The October *Harper's*, a special issue in response to Nixon's fall, includes a long essay entitled "Gordon Liddy: A Patriot Speaks." It has no mention of Watergate: it is purely philosophical, Liddy's *Weltanschauung*. In it, Liddy reveals himself as a specimen of a certain type of cynically principled rightwinger; what might be termed a call-of-the-wild conservative. His rigid intelligence devotes itself to the elaboration of one theme: that man is only part of a cruel natural process. "What is going on is nothing new in the history of man or of governments. It is a contest for power. . . . Man got where he is today by the process of natural selection—the survival of the fittest. . . . Nature is elitist." Religion and morality, he suggests, are mere sentimentalism (and sometimes devices of rule), and he notes that during World War II leaders of all ideologies "put their faith in *panzers*, not in prayer." "For a man or a nation to be truly strong," he concludes, "each must be able to stand utterly alone, able to meet and deal with life relying solely upon his own inner resources." All in all, metaphysical bravado, pathetic now, worthy of the unbreakable Watergater who once offered to rub out Jack Anderson. *Harper's* carefully keeps its distance from Liddy's credo, and even suggests he is merely venal—a nasty and wrongheaded construction of his acts.

■ New York City's Human Rights Commissioner predicts racial violence in the city's schools, and soon. "Integration in the North is on trial," she warns, releasing a study of race trouble at a Brooklyn high school. The study sounds the same note: "We know how to integrate—through redistricting, reassignment of students, busing. What we do not know is how to make integration work on a permanent basis." Beyond the compresence in the schools of large numbers of black and white and Puerto Rican students, it is not clear what "integration" means, since the report goes on to note that within the school under study (as, we might add, in thousands of others), the students regroup by race as soon as they get off the buses. "Making integration work" now seems to mean preventing bloodshed.

■ Not long after the Soviet pledge to ease travel restrictions was announced, Jewish spokesmen in Moscow said Soviet authorities were already attempting to evade the agreement. Still, Henry Jackson has won a well-

earned victory. Henry Kissinger and the Fulbright wing of Congress had steadfastly claimed that we shouldn't interfere in the Soviet Union's internal policies, fearing complete destruction of the already fragile detente. Jackson persisted and for once the U.S. actually got something tangible from the much ballyhooed detente. The *Wall Street Journal* said Jackson won because he selected his issue carefully: "On the do-good issue of emigration [Jackson] could win; he would have lost with an amendment directed at Soviet weapons advances or other clear American interests. Surely it says something about American politics and ultimately the American people that they want to reform Soviet emigration practices, but do not show the same concern about allowing the state that has maintained those practices to gain world military leadership."

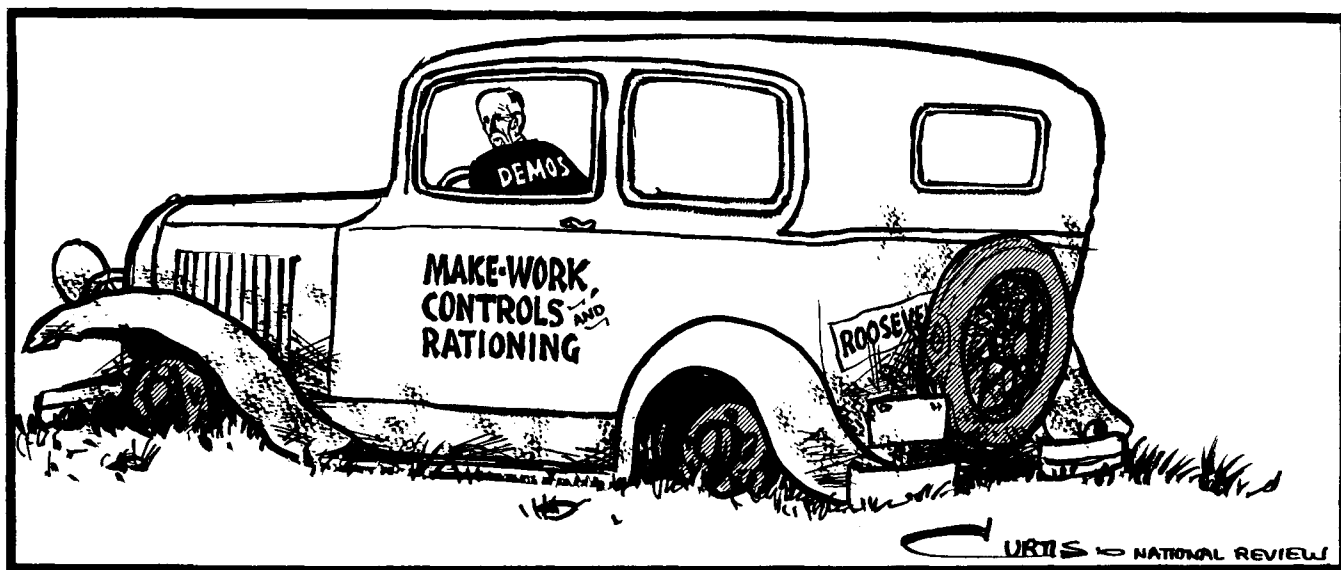
■ Everyone is still invited to buckle up for safety, but if you choose not to, you will no longer have Ralph Nader buzzing at you for the duration of your ride. Congress has just revoked the Department of Transportation's order that 1975 cars have seatbelt interlock systems and continuous buzzers. Congress has not absolutely forbidden Transportation to make airbags mandatory by 1977, but any proposal will be subject to congressional approval. An important first step in reasserting the power of Congress over the Executive bureaucracy, and an especially welcome one to those who loathe taking orders from inanimate objects.

■ Imelda Marcos, wife of the Philippine president and winner of the Scotty Reston award for 1974, has come from Red China glowing with praise for the country as a whole and Chiang Ching (Mao's wife) in particular. Mrs. Marcos thinks everyone should go to China: "It is like having a good bath. . . . If you are cross-eyed, it gives you a straight view. . . . You see life in the right perspective, you see their great confidence in human be-

ings." So much confidence, said human beings aren't permitted to vote, read, listen, pray, travel, leave—or tell Mrs. Marcos what an ass she is.

■ **HAPPY HOUR.** Almost four years have passed since a Lithuanian seaman named Simas Kudirka jumped from a Soviet fishing vessel to an American Coast Guard cutter. As is well known, Kudirka's courage won him only momentary freedom. The commander of the U.S. ship permitted Soviet sailors to board his ship, beat Kudirka, and carry him back to the Soviet ship. After six months in solitary confinement, Kudirka was brought to trial. Incredibly, he refused to denounce the U.S. More incredibly, while serving a ten-year sentence for treason against the Soviet state, he even managed to join petitions calling for more rights for Soviet subjects. Meanwhile American sympathizers discovered that his mother, who was in Lithuania, was born in Brooklyn, and last May the State Department announced that she was a U.S. citizen. In July it was announced that her son was also a U.S. citizen. In September American pressure achieved its first result: Kudirka was released from jail. Within a couple of weeks, Simas Kudirka and his mother, wife, and two children are expected to arrive in America, assuming the Coast Guard allows him to land. Free at last.

■ Despite the surface unanimity at Red China's 25th anniversary celebration, the struggle over who will succeed Mao is far from settled. Mao himself was conspicuously absent from both the opening banquet and all the rest of the festivities, but most other survivors of the Old Guard showed up, including a number of comrades who had been denounced at one time or another for "counterrevolutionary" activities. Chou En-lai, looking pale and weak, presided over the banquet, but then went straight back into the hospital where he has been virtually residing for months. Meanwhile, the magazine *Red Flag*



"To the rescue!"

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Labor—the organized sons and daughters of toil—is so suffused with public-spiritedness this year that it is investing over \$7 million in a better America. Which is to say, it has that amount on hand to dole out to deserving political candidates. Senator Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania is the only Republican senator to receive more than \$35,000 from unions. Astronaut John Glenn, the Democratic Senate candidate in Ohio, is expected to win by a trillion votes, at least, and he has received more than 75,000 labor dollars. (Labor spent \$168,700 on Senator Howard Metzenbaum's primary campaign. Glenn thrashed Metzenbaum.) Other favorites are Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska (\$59,474), Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana (\$50,372), Congressman William Roy, who is running against Kansas Republican Senator Robert Dole (\$56,936). The United Mine Workers union has endorsed eighty House candidates. Only one of them (Joseph McDade of Pennsylvania's 10th District) is a Republican.

■ There is nothing surprising about Congress' refusal to honor Nelson Rockefeller's request for a quick reconvening of the hearings on his confirmation as Vice President. Rockefeller wants a chance to tell his side of the story of the gifts he has presented to various public figures. But Congress

would have had to pass up part of its recess to act on Rockefeller, and the only reasons for doing so were equity and the national interest. In addition, the senators on the Rules Committee are a bit embarrassed about the fact that, if there is a real issue involved in Rockefeller's largesse, it is an issue that they failed to unearth in their several days of being toyed with by Rockefeller in the hearings.

■ Something called "The Mondale Committee," which relentless investigative reporting reveals is a committee to make Senator Walter Mondale (D., Minn.) President and Maximum Leader of the Free World, announces, a trifle breathlessly, that a straw poll taken at the annual Iowa Jefferson-Jackson Day Democratic Party dinner in Des Moines was won by Mr. Mondale. He got 37.3 per cent of the 1,742 votes. Senator Henry Jackson was next (16.3 per cent), then Senator Edmund Muskie (14.6 per cent), and Senator George McGovern (5.4 per cent). Today Des Moines, tomorrow Cedar Rapids.

■ Congressman Wayne Owens, 37, a Democrat on the House Judiciary Committee, is running for Senate from Utah and is finding that his vote for impeachment of Mr. Nixon is hurting his chances. Maine Congressman William Cohen, 34, a Republican on the Judiciary Committee, says his reelection campaign has been helped by his vote to impeach.

■ BRIEFS: Take that, Public Enemy Number One. The House of Representatives, talking a great war game against inflation, has paused in the trenches long enough to give members a \$9,280 raise in expense allowances. The raise is necessary, the members say, because of inflation. Over in the Senate some meanie added up the cost to taxpayers of all the senators' press aides. The sum is over \$2.5 million. . . . Mr. Ford spent an enormous amount of time in his first week in office fashioning an amnesty program for Vietnam era deserters and draft dodgers. The time was not well spent. One month after the amnesty program was announced, only 8 per cent of the eligible deserters and 1 per cent of the draft dodgers had responded to the amnesty program. . . . The FBI in peace and war and impeachment: Director Clarence Kelley says he and top aides conferred during Mr. Nixon's last days to consider if the confused situation "could be the vantage point from which a coup of some type might be spawned." They decided that no coups were spawning. . . . Say it ain't so, Jerry: two of the most entertaining eccentrics in Washington—Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz and Commerce Secretary Fred Dent (see "Capitol Issues")—are rumored to be scheduled for replacement after the November elections. . . . Headline of the week, calling attention to a crisis soon to be met and overcome by a federal initiative: "Minnesota Is Hurt by Frog Shortage." —CATO

has published an allegorical key to what is going on below the surface and who, at the moment, has the upper hand. In *Red Flag's* version of the fall of the Chin dynasty, after the death of the emperor, the crown prince was done away with by "a person of duplicity," whom the emperor's chief advisor failed to forestall because of his characteristic wavering and compromising. Sinologists have no difficulty glossing the emperor as Maō, the usurper as Teng Hsiao-ping, who works closely with Chou En-lai, the compromiser as Chou himself, and the crown prince as Wang Hung-wen, protégé of Chiang Ching, Mao's powerful and ruthless wife.

■ The Army has prepared a guidebook to brief new staff officers on the terminology they will encounter on assignment in the "Puzzle Palace," i.e., the Pentagon. If you want to be a *water-walker* ("an officer with a singularly outstanding military record; usually [one] who has been selected for . . . early promotion"), it's better to be a *cannon-cocker* (artillery) than a *muddy-boots*

(infantry); don't bring a *flaky* (contains recommendations that will not hold up under hard analysis) paper to a *dog and pony show* (briefing that uses a number of viewgraph slides, flip charts, and other training aids); don't *waffle* (use phraseology that skirts the issue), avoid a *glitch* (error), and minimize *heartburn* (serious disagreement). Obviously the *fog index* (fog index) in the modern Army is at its height.

■ Many an outraged editorial was spawned by a UPI report that "one-third of the dog and cat food sold in city slums is being eaten by humans." Robert Samuelson tracked down the source of this statement for the *Columbia Journalism Review*. It turns out that the cited "panel of experts" got this datum from an uncritical reading of an interview of Michael Jacobson published in the *Washington Star-News*. Jacobson worked for a small public interest group, and wrote a little book rating dog food above hot dogs in nutritional value. Asked why he included dog food in a book on human nutrition,

Jacobson reportedly guessed that a third of dog food in the ghettos was eaten by humans. Now, Jacobson doesn't even recall having made the estimate, much less how he could have arrived at it.

■ There's a new Dan Rather around these days. CBS's President-eating reporter has lost his appetite since his bouts with Richard Nixon ended with the Evil One's resignation. Now poor Rather is reduced to listening respectfully to the views of the statesmen of the world. He was seen recently interviewing Fidel Castro, yes Premier, who gave his views, yes Doctor, on how American justice finally got Nixon, thank you El Comandante. Sic transit noblesse oblige.

■ Northrop Frye once said, "The professor of Latin does not think of Latin as a dead language except when he is marking his students' proses." He might have added, or listening to the bishops at the just-ended synod in Rome. Now that the delegates have access to UN-style simultaneous translation, only about half bother to speak Latin at all, which may be just as well. "The bishops speak awful Latin," said one theologian. "They don't know grammar, or even nouns or verbs." Said another, "The Italians speak Latin best. The worst are—well, if you know American you can understand an American when he speaks Latin." *Non sunt quales erant boni sub regno Pontificis Pii.*

What Is a Recession?

The politician's definition of recession is a high rate of unemployment, where "high" is to be replaced by any strong adjective indicating considerable indignation and little comprehension. Thus, in the infamous recession years of 1967 and 1970, the unemployment rates were 3.8 and 4.9 per cent, and the unemployed spent an average of 8.8 weeks between jobs. This was widely condemned as too high a price to pay for reducing inflation, so the efforts were quickly abandoned in favor of "stimulating" and regimenting the economy. In the resulting ephemeral boom of 1972, unemployment was 5.6 per cent and the average duration of unemployment was 12 weeks. Such are the wonders of big deficits, rapid monetary expansion, and wage-price controls.

In the two quarters since the end of the Arab boycott, real gross national product did show a slight decline. But real GNP is derived by deflating a dubious dollar figure by an unreliable index. Direct measures of physical production and employment don't look nearly so bad. Industrial production was up at a 1.9 per cent annual rate from February to July, and rose again in September. Total employment increased at a 2.5 per cent rate from April through August, and the misleading rise in September's unemployment rate was accompanied by 351,000 more jobs, not fewer.

The point is not to quibble about the use of the word "recession," but to note that comparisons with the Thirties are at least premature. The primary problem is still inflation, which cannot be reduced without painful side effects. Commendable efforts to minimize the pain, such as increasing or extending unemployment benefits, are apt to increase the measured rate of unemployed (by increasing the reluctance to take "just any job"), which simply shows how meaningless the unemployment rate is as measure of distress. In any case, disinflation takes time. Retailers are not going to believe that they can't pass on any and all inflated costs until they find themselves stuck with unsold and shopworn merchandise. Those who in one way or another supply retailers with products or labor are not going to believe they can't get another sizable increase in price or pay until experience convinces them that the buyer's market is neither local nor temporary. The unwinding process typically begins with a reduction of orders at the bottom of the pipeline, the volatile commodity prices. Thus, shortages of lumber, fuel, and other commodities are rapidly becoming surpluses. The price of copper is 60 per cent below its peak, fibers are down 37 per cent, steel scrap 17 per cent, and aluminum 12 per cent. A single month's change in the wholesale price index doesn't mean much, but the 0.1 per cent September rise was nonetheless startlingly small by recent standards.

The rate of money supply growth dropped suddenly from almost 7 per cent before July to 1 per cent since. Such a sudden and unexpected drop in the wherewithal to buy overpriced goodies is certainly bad news for sellers, but good news for buyers. It means terrific sales, markdowns, and discounts. It also means a huge drop in nominal interest rates (as in 1954, '58, '60, '67, and '70), and a consequent end to "disintermediation"—that clumsy word that means savers are putting their money into Treasury bills to buy more government rather than into savings banks to buy more houses. If continued (not likely), such severe monetary restraint means inflation would drop below 5 per cent by the end of next year.

All of these horrible things are beginning to happen now as they did following the brief disinflations of 1966 and 1969. In the former cases, the policies were quickly

Rocky on the Ropes

His face has taken on a flush.
The nicest people murmur, "Tush!"
His breathing isn't what it was.
He's more respectful toward the fuzz.
With Jacob Javits hedging bets,
He's less attractive than the Jets.
What else will somebody uncork?
We're salivating in New York.

W. H. VON DREELE

But on the Other Hand

Sure, as he says, we stay aloof;
The Congress winds up veto-proof,
And liberals can override
Whenever Jerry bucks the tide.
But there's another side to this
Which cranky types like me don't miss:
If they should win, as Jerry fears,
I'll watch them stew for two whole years.

W. H. VON DREELE

reversed. The Shadow Open Market Committee, a group of 11 distinguished economists who keep an eye on the Federal Reserve, has recently provided a statistical reminder of the costs of such impatience. From the first to the final quarter of 1967, the rate of money supply growth rose steadily from 1.9 to 6.2 per cent. The rate of change in consumer prices, allowing for a six-month lag, rose just as steadily from 2.7 to 4.2 per cent—higher than before the brief and successful experiment with monetary restraint. In 1969, a longer and stronger inflation took longer to cure. Between the first quarters of 1969 and 1970, the rate of monetary expansion was dropped from about 6 to 4 per cent, and interest rates cut from 7.8 to 3.1 per cent. The rate of inflation fell sharply. Can't have that. So, the rate of money growth was accelerated each and every quarter until it was back up to 7.1 per cent in the three months before wage-price controls were instituted to obscure and delay the consequences.

It has long been noted that inflationary spurts tend to run in four-year cycles. What somehow escaped attention is that this is also the term of office for U.S. Presidents.

Ford's Trip to Congress

Nothing President Ford could have done, of course, would have satisfied the harsher critics of his Nixon pardon—those who, like Representative Elizabeth Holtzman of Brooklyn, hold, or profess to hold, “dark suspicions” about some deal between Ford and Nixon. Ford told the House Judiciary subcommittee that he had made no deal. It is also difficult to *prove* a negative. The Holtzmans will retain and even cherish their dark suspicions.

The President explained that he had heard from General Haig on Thursday, August 1, that devastating evidence against Nixon existed on the tape and would be presented to Judge Sirica on the following Monday. Haig also told Ford that six possible sequences of events were being contemplated by the White House, three of them involving pardons of various kinds, and one of them involving a presidential pardon for Nixon after his resignation. Ford told the Judiciary subcommittee that he had asked Haig about the scope of the presidential pardoning power, that Haig had replied that a White House lawyer had affirmed that a pardon could

be granted prior to the initiation of criminal action against a defendant, but that he, Ford, had entered into no deal of any kind with Haig. Some profess to find a deal implicit in that exchange between Haig and Ford, but the conversation certainly does not impose that interpretation. In fact, no deal seems to have been required, since Nixon had little choice but to resign.

In any case, the passion seems to have gone out of the pardon controversy. A number of early critics have publicly modified their position. Hugh Sidey of *Time*, for example, a hard Nixon critic, now thinks that Ford probably did the right thing in offering the pardon. Moreover, though he has been spared the possibility of actually going to jail by the pardon, Nixon is, *de facto*, on trial before Judge Sirica with the other Watergate defendants.

Ford's appearance before the Judiciary subcommittee, though billed as unprecedented and historic, seemed in sum a largely symbolic act. It will not make Ford or future Presidents subservient to Congress or obliged to testify in person at congressional whim. Yet it did suggest Ford's accessibility, and also injected—stylistically, at least—a feeling of common sense into the overcharged Watergate atmosphere. It was a gesture of magnanimity, and also probably a political plus.

Watergate Trial

“Under the spreading chestnut tree/I sold you and you sold me.” These famous lines from George Orwell's *1984* apply very well to the scene in Judge John Sirica's federal court, where the five high-level Watergate defendants are now on trial. The defendants have been reduced by their legal peril to a Hobbesian state of nature, the war of all against all.

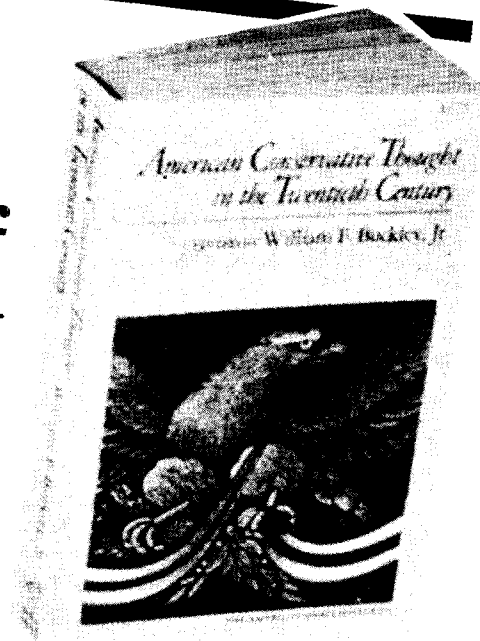
Attorneys for Robert Mardian and Kenneth Parkinson tried in their opening statements to place the onus on John Mitchell, claiming that he had deceived and lied to their clients. William Frates, attorney for John Ehrlichman, turned his fire on the absent Nixon, claiming that Nixon had “deceived, misled, and lied” to Ehrlichman, his domestic counselor. “John Ehrlichman,” said Frates, “was had by his boss, who happened to be the President of the United States.” A defense in that vein by Ehrlichman is bound to entail an attack on Haldeman, Nixon's alter ego in the White House. Haldeman and Mitchell, for their part, chose to wait until after the prosecution has presented its case before setting forth their arguments, but they are expected to attack John Dean in an effort to destroy his credibility. Dean, the principal prosecution witness, is of course testifying against his former colleagues as part of the deal he made with the prosecutors. “Under the spreading chestnut tree . . .”

Dismal enough, but dismal, too, for the absent Nixon, sulking at San Clemente like Achilles in his tent. All the indications at the trial suggest that the entire story of Nixon's complicity in criminal activities will now come out. The tapes so far played already provide dramatic enough evidence of his involvement. In an interview with

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the press upon his resignation as Special Prosecutor, Leon Jaworski observed: "The full story is contained in the grand jury material sent to the House Judiciary Committee and in cumulative evidence from the White House tapes. This will all become public, and the American people will have the full story. The tapes show that President Nixon knew about and participated in the coverup within days after the Watergate break-in."

The last layers of protective cover surrounding Nixon are now being peeled away. As they are removed, the notion still held by some that he was the innocent victim of enemies in the media and elsewhere—a notion that dies hard, because he does have powerful enemies—will be increasingly undermined, and will almost certainly be rendered untenable.

Money Is Always Tight

The most slippery concept in economic journalism is the "tightness" of money or credit. If the supply of money has been rising rapidly, generating inflation and adding an inflationary premium to interest rates, then the rise in nominal interest rates is attributed to "tight money." If the supply of money has been growing slowly, regardless of whether interest rates rise or fall, then the growth of the money supply is invariably decried as too tight. To prove either case, journalists will usually interview a number of people, asking whether they have enough money (to which question the answer is rarely yes). Or, businessmen will be asked if they would borrow more money if they could get it at an interest rate lower than the rate of inflation (which is like asking if they consider themselves stupid). Finally, if all else fails, one can always say that any rate of monetary expansion whatsoever is tight "in real terms," adjusted for the resulting rate of inflation. Thus, the German money stock increased by a mere two trillion per cent in 1922-23. That was presumably "tight money" too, because prices rose by ten trillion per cent resulting in a sharp decline in the "real" money stock.

If all this isn't confusing enough, there is always the old trick of using the words "money" and "credit" interchangeably, as though people paid their credit card bills with something other than currency or checks. Someone who wants to fill the gap between savers and lenders with paper can point to the fact that the money supply was virtually unchanged at \$280 billion from July to September, so business obviously could not get enough credit. But business loans in the period increased from about \$122 billion to \$129 billion. If there had been a rapid growth of money and no increase in business loans, the latter figure would doubtless have been cited to show that credit was tight.

If the money supply is constant, credit simply shifts money over a period, and between people—from savers to borrowers. If Joe lends Bob a million dollars, that isn't inflationary because they can't both spend it. When Bob

repays the loan, he repays with currency or a check. Interest likewise involves a shift of buying power between borrower and lender, not a net increase which can finance a general rise in prices or (as they are sometimes called) "costs."

Many interest rates are falling for many reasons, including a declining demand for credit and possibly an increased supply of nonbank (Arab) funds. The federal funds rate, the rate at which banks lend to each other, is the rate which the Federal Reserve tries hardest to manipulate by swapping securities for bank reserves. In times of rapid changes in the demand for credit, however, the Fed's "target range" for the federal fund rate tends to trail along behind the market-determined rate. When credit demand is high, a vain attempt to hold interest rates down is apt greatly to increase the money supply, causing more inflation and a compensating rise in interest rates. With credit demand now falling, perhaps because those notorious monetarists operating in financial markets expect slow money growth to be followed by less inflation, the Fed's "leaning against the wind" can cause money growth to be stopped too abruptly, as it was this summer.

Interest rates and money growth both increased sharply from February to June. The July 16 meeting of the Fed's Open Market Committee therefore set a target range for federal funds of 11.5 to 13 per cent, somewhat higher than before. From July 10 to October 9, the money stock grew at an extremely tight 1 per cent rate. In about the same period, the federal funds rate dropped from 13.5 to 10.1 per cent, along with a decline in most other rates. According to Keynesian orthodoxy, this simultaneous decline in interest rates and money growth is simply impossible (though in fact it is typical). Thus, *Time* magazine (September 30) looked at the falling interest rates and saw "signs that the Federal Reserve is making more money available for credit." When theory and reality don't match, it is again obvious which is considered expendable.

Tory Introspection

With a three-vote majority in Commons, Harold Wilson's Labor government remains only marginally better off than it was prior to the voting. (See also "Letter from London.") England continues its leisurely stroll along the economic precipice, signs of decay multiply, class divisions increase in bitterness, and real power shifts to a kind of para-government comprised of the trade unions.

Meanwhile, within the defeated Tory Party, a struggle has commenced not only over the identity of Edward Heath's successor as Party leader but over the identity of the Party and the content of English conservatism.

Heath, it will be recalled, rose to Party leadership as the embodiment of what might be called managerial modernism. Of humble background, but upwardly

Recognition Events

East Germany's ambassador
Is knock, knock, knocking at our door,
And doubtless we'll be spooning soon
Upon a Cuban honeymoon;
Then North Korea's attaché
Will come to Washington to stay.
But since it's such a racist state,
Rhodesia's still the one we hate.

W. H. VON DREELE

mobile, chilly, but also knowledgeable about economics and about technology, Heath would seem to be a suitable conservative leader in the middle of the twentieth century. The contrast he provided with Harold Macmillan, who looked as if he had stepped out of a novel by Trollope, and with the aristocratic Douglas-Home, was felt at the time to be a valuable one.

In an important post-election address to the Birmingham Conservative Association, however, Sir Keith Joseph, shadow Home Secretary, in effect launched his bid to succeed Heath, and in doing so he offered the Tories another and, indeed, a more traditional identity. His choice of Birmingham was a striking one, not only because at the turn of the century it had been in Birmingham that Joseph Chamberlain launched his own revolt from within Tory ranks, but because of the nature of the city itself. Sir Keith suggested by his appearance there that the positions he set forth were not only relevant but especially relevant to this great industrial center, the epitome of modern, urban England. Some of Sir Keith's principal points:

"During the election, discussion focused almost exclusively on economics; and we lost the election. Were these two facts unconnected? I don't think so. . . . This was the kind of auction in which Labor was bound to outbid us, because they are quite uninhibited in promising the earth. . . . Should we not deal with matters that concern the nation: respect for other people and for law, the welfare of young people, the state of family life, the moral welfare of all the people, cultural values, public-spiritedness or its lack, national defense, the tone of national life. . . . For economics is deeply shaped by values, by the attitude toward work, thrift, ethics, public spirit. . . . Real incomes per head have risen beyond what anyone dreamed of a generation back; so have education budgets and welfare budgets; so also have delinquency, truancy, vandalism, hooliganism, illiteracy, decline in educational standards. . . . Whatever we may have thought some 15 years or so back, it is our right and duty to question, in the light of experience, the rapid expansion of the universities, and the belief that by increasing the number of undergraduates we necessarily multiply the benefit either to the young people concerned or to the nation. . . .

"It was the radical Socialist writer and patriot, the late George Orwell, who described the left wing intellectuals as men motivated primarily by hatred of their own country. Their well-orchestrated sneers from their strong point in the educational system and media have weakened the national will to transmit to future generations those values, standards, and aspirations which made England admired the world over. . . . We must fight the battle of ideas in every school, university, publication, committee, TV studio . . ."

In his Birmingham speech, Sir Keith Joseph thus asked the Tory Party to return to some of its traditional insights, and from them fashion weapons against a pervasive modern phenomenon, moral and cultural decadence. It was an eloquent address, and may have been a historic one.

Charismatics

The religious history of the West embraces a kind of dialectic, in which direct religious experience is brought to bear on religious institutions, sometimes reinvigorating or reforming them, sometimes rejecting them altogether and creating new ones. Versions of these processes occurred, for example, during the thirteenth century Franciscan movement, the reform movements of Luther and Calvin, the eighteenth century revival inspired by the Wesleys, the nineteenth century Oxford movement, and the various religious "awakenings" in nineteenth century America. Once again, this religious phenomenon seems to be recurring with the "charismatic" or "neo-pentecostal" movement, which has vastly gained in strength and importance during the past two years.

Charismatic groups, some of them large and vigorous, now exist in all the major Protestant denominations, but the movement so far has had its largest impact on the Catholic Church, in which some estimates number upwards of 350,000 charismatics. This may reflect the fact that a sense of the mysterious and the miraculous has particularly deep roots in the Catholic tradition. Charismatics of all churches, however, stress a "personal" relationship to Christ, a direct emotional response to prayer and the liturgy, and "gifts"—charisms—of the spirit, which sometimes include ecstatic "speaking in tongues."

The charismatic movement appears to be a reaction against the sense of externality which inevitably afflicts all institutions, the churches included. When mere routine takes over, when the churches become bureaucracies, social organizations, and babysitting functionaries, when pedants endlessly fiddle with the liturgy, and when secular political concerns increasingly intrude, there is bound to be a movement seeking a return to the spiritual and emotional essence of the institution. So far, the charismatics have avoided the anti-intellectualism to which such movements historically tend at their extreme, and they have remained for the most part within the

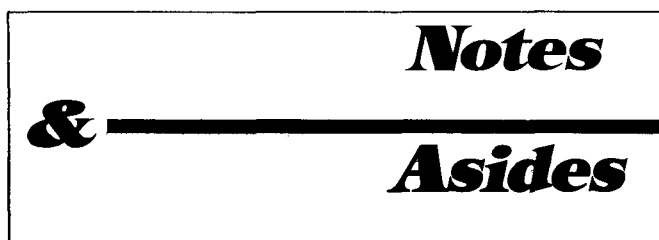
traditional churches rather than attempting to establish new ones. All those choirs, accordingly, may not really be bare and ruined.

Is Anybody Listening?

Three years ago Daniels Bruvers, a young man living in Soviet-occupied Latvia, met and married a young girl from West Germany. She returned home but Soviet officials refused to let Bruvers join his wife. He went on a hunger strike and through efforts of friends and family around the world, who picketed Soviet embassies and publicized his plight, he was eventually released from Latvia to join his wife. But Bruvers comes from a big family some of which, alas, is still in Latvia—in prison.

Two of his brothers, Olafs and Pavils, polled their fellow workers and students asking what improvements they would like on radio and TV and in the movies, newspapers, and magazines, and asked other questions about life in Latvia, results to be turned over to the local Soviet newspaper. Shortly afterwards the KGB carted the two off to solitary confinement and demanded to know the names of those polled—notwithstanding that the poll was anonymous. No doubt the KGB wished to check if the pollsters—accused of being agents of the enemies of the Soviet system—had reached a representative cross section of Latvians.

The Bruverses would like to leave Latvia, but are not likely to be able to do so without the aid of considerable public support for their cause—public pressure of the kind that for some reason Christians (the Bruverses are Baptists) find it strangely difficult to bring. The advent of a new Administration in Washington seems like a good time—if one time is better than another—for the Christian community of the free world, and preeminently therefore the Christian community of the United States, to make its weight felt in behalf of persecuted Christians. Senator Jackson, are you listening?



■ MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: Joe Sobran

I hear that Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn remains greatly vexed by my error in ascribing to his book *Leftism* a view that is exactly contrary to the view he has expressed not only therein, but in many of his other writings; viz., his assertion that the German Right opposed Hitler. This is, to be sure, a controversial position, and he uses the term “the Right” in a specially strict sense;

but since he argues his case carefully, and makes clear what he means by “Right,” I have no excuse. I can only beg his pardon, assuring him that my mistake was as honest as it is inexplicable, and I hope his letter to *NR* and my apology will together correct the false impression I gave, without casting doubt on my judgment of the book’s excellences.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I read “Airline Talk” (*NR*, August 30) upon my return from Spain this weekend. I was appalled by your slanderous description of our inflight service.

I have become spoilt over the years, hearing and reading favorable comments from satisfied passengers, particularly Americans. (Our ratio of U.S. citizens to total passengers is the highest among the foreign-flag carriers across the North Atlantic.)

This “spoiling” has left me totally unconditioned and unprepared for the defamatory remarks flowing from your pen. But it would seem to me that it is incumbent upon you to support your allegations with precise details.

If you’re a vindictive man, you will draw satisfaction from the harm and embarrassment your article has caused us. You have the power, it seems, to destroy with a few words what has cost us hundreds of thousands of dollars of advertising spent in the very media that carry your column. Most of the individual and group cancellations recorded last week were traced to the publication of your column. Travel agents and public alike volunteered that they were switching their bookings to other carriers “because of Mr. Buckley’s description of Iberia’s service.”

None of the people who fly with us would recognize the Iberia they know from the one you malign. Your own assessment being so diametrically opposed, I will appreciate your substantiating your remarks with tangible data and observations, enabling us to conduct a thorough investigation.

Yours sincerely,
Alfredo Fuchs

Vice President & General Manager
Iberia, North America

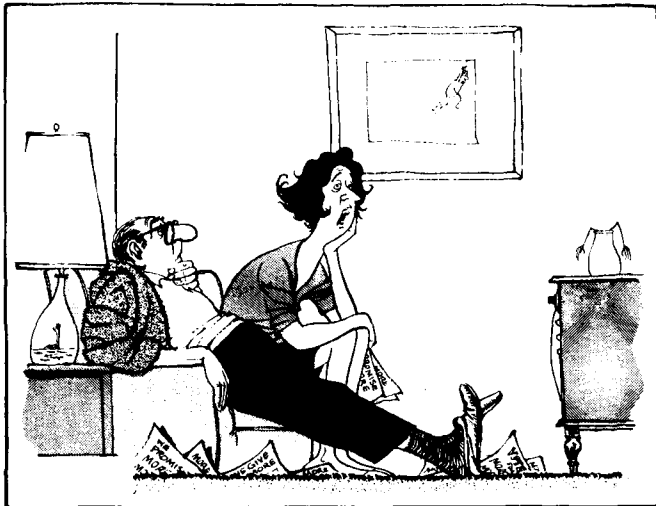
Dear Bill:

Your letter of August 16, sent to me in Spain, just reached me here in Camden. Nothing could I enjoy more than to comment on Iberia Airlines.

1. For a period of ten years—through 1968—I traveled almost exclusively and by preference on Iberia, because the service was smiling and thoughtful and instinct with Spanish courtesy, and the food was as good as one expects to get on any other international airline.

2. Iberia still provides in tourist on international flights (anyhow, up to two or three years ago) a couple of lovely amenities. Passengers are given little slippers to put on. They are wonderful. They fit like a sock. There is nothing more relaxing than to take off your shoes.

3. Nonetheless, Iberia since 1968 has become, in my



Norris, Vancouver Sun

Rothco

"The awful fact is that I know who I want to vote against and that doesn't leave anyone to vote for."

experience, in the experience of my Spanish wife, and in the experience of any number of my many Spanish friends, among the most boorish and arrogant airlines in the business—to the extent that I avoid traveling on Iberia whenever possible, and on transatlantic flights have transferred my business entirely to other airlines, a business that, as you know, runs up to some six or seven thousand dollars a year in hops from New York to Madrid and back.

4. As an example of the several reasons for my change of patronage, three years ago, during August, when I was as usual summering in Comillas, I had to fly to New York on urgent business. The only space available on any flight was a first class Iberia seat, which I took. If you can believe it, the *aperitivos* served with the drinks were . . . a bit of caviar? lobster? smoked salmon? delicious Spanish *cigalas*? Heavens no! What was offered were cold and greasy chunks of *tortilla de patatas* and even greasier (but fresh corpse-warm) *almóndigas*, commonly known as meatballs. This is the kind of canapé that you find in third rate bars and cafeterias all over Spain. The meal itself included fresh salmon, but the vegetables had been boiled with old shoe leather, and were inedible. I summoned the flight steward (who was charming, I might add), who rolled his eyes upward to heaven in personal despair, saying that he knew this was outrageous and represented a radical change in the kind of food Iberia used to serve. Now, any food that issues from the restaurants of Barajas Airport is indescribably awful. TWA passed around sandwiches on my most recent flight from Barajas that could not be eaten. But the cuisine of Iberia is lousy no matter where the flight originates. From Malaga to the Canary Islands, for example, the snack presented was so bad a Spanish couple next to us discussed whether to keep these sandwiches for their dog or not risk poisoning the animal.

5. As for Iberia's service, it is increasingly brusque

and even rude. I have met many lovely people who work for the company in the air and on the ground. But on the whole, the stewardesses in the air treat passengers with utter contempt, and the personnel on the ground treat any inquiry with bored indifference. There are simply too many incidences of this behavior for me to cite. The very last such incident that I remember now took place this past June, when I went to Lanzarote. I arrived at the ticket counter very early. Two female Iberia agents were having a long private discussion, paying no attention to me or the other passengers lined up behind me. When I cleared my throat after a decent interval, one of them gave me a cold stare and then resumed her conversation. When she finally decided to process our tickets, she gathered them without a smile, stamped them and returned them to us—without a single word of greeting—and when I asked what gate the flight was to leave from, she snapped that it would be announced when the time came. Seven out of ten Spaniards will tell you the sort of thing I'm telling you about Iberia's service, and maybe nine out of ten. Domestically, Iberia enjoys a virtual monopoly. This monopoly engenders the arrogance one can associate with any state enterprise. My Spanish friends are in a perpetual state of high dudgeon over Iberia, but they are helpless. Thank God, one can choose not to take Iberia on international flights, and even on some flights within Spain, but most of the time, domestically, one is obliged to use the airline.

Mr. Fuchs writes nonsense. I am personally saddened by Iberia's decay since the middle 1960s; because, as I said, I used to fly Iberia by preference whenever I could. I've known various Iberia officials personally, and I would have liked to continue my former enthusiasm for the airline. But Mr. Fuchs is suffering from delusions if he thinks that Iberia would survive five years of free competition were it stripped of its monopoly position within Spain. If he imagines that it is because of your column that Iberia has lost business, he must take into account a) such defections as my disuse of Iberia since 1968, and b) the spreading general knowledge among travelers of the particularly low estate to which the company has fallen, even in this era of churlish airline service worldwide.

Affectionately,

F. R. Buckley

Camden, South Carolina

■ NICE GUYS AND CAREFUL READERS DEPT. (From the Cavalier Daily, University of Virginia, Sept. 30, interview with visiting professor Eugene Genovese, leading Marxist historian.) "... Besides unconventional political views, [Professor Genovese] has a taste for reading material that would seem unlikely with a person of his political persuasion. 'NATIONAL REVIEW' is my favorite political publication. It's the only political journal that I read from cover to cover. I hate to say it, it's brilliantly edited and they know what the questions are, although I don't like their answers.'"

—WFB

Free Speech

UNTIL RECENTLY Congressman Wilbur Mills enjoyed buying rounds of drinks for the other high spirits who frequent the Silver Slipper, a lively emporium for energetic young ladies and men who are young at heart, located on Washington's gamey 14th Street. But now Congressman Mills has returned to Arkansas and, for the benefit of a sympathetic audience (the Little Rock Jaycees) has distilled this prudential maxim from his experience with the Argentine Firecracker and the U.S. Park Police: "Don't go out with foreigners who drink champagne."

And there were other entertaining moments in an entertaining week.

Freshman Senator William Scott (R., Va.) became the first (and at this writing the only) senator to announce that he is going to vote against the confirmation of Nelson Rockefeller as Vice President. Scott, a conservative, says he does not like Mr. Rockefeller's political philosophy. If you can't quite place Mr. Scott, perhaps this will help: he is the fellow who, when a magazine named him the dumbest man in Congress, called a press conference to dispute the charge, thereby confirming it. (By their staffs ye shall know them. It was a member of Mr. Scott's staff who called another Republican Senate office, just before a vote on overriding a presidential veto, to inquire about the President's position on the vote.) Mr. Rockefeller always has been fortunate in his opponents. (Especially the New York State Democratic Party. Quickly, name Mr. Rockefeller's opponents in the 1962 and 1966 gubernatorial races.) And conservatives often are unfortunate in the fellows from the ranks who become conspicuous at critical moments.

Speaking of conspicuous, Fred Dent has been speaking out again. He is Secretary of Commerce. He was brought to town for Mr. Nixon's sec-

Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

ond term. He was just what Mr. Nixon wanted—a completely unpolitical creature, nice, public spirited, utterly unfamiliar with Washington, and, hence, putty in the hands of the crack Nixon White House staff. The White House even sent a real comer, young Jeb Stuart Magruder, to help Mr. Dent at Commerce. Until Mr. Nixon left town, Mr. Dent was given to giving ferocious speeches about America's good fortune in having, in Mr. Nixon, a leader sturdy enough to stand up against miserable lies. But Mr. Dent's finest hour came when Secretary of State Henry Kissinger blew his stack in Salzburg, Austria, threatening to resign unless criticism of him subsided. Throwing caution to the wind, Mr. Dent issued a statement: the Secretary of Commerce reaffirms his confidence in the Secretary of State. Perhaps that is what gave Mr. Kissinger the strength to carry on. I offer this bit of background information so that you can more easily evaluate the latest Dentism.

Mr. Dent says that although he knows that a lot of Gloomy Gus economists are saying that current economic conditions look a lot like a recession, the economy really isn't in a recession, it is just doing a little "side-ways waffling." Mr. Dent made that interesting observation when entertaining the press with his interpretation of the fact that the nation's total output declined in the July-September quarter. That was the third quarterly decline in a row. The standard definition of a recession (as distinguished from a side-ways waffle) is two consecutive quarters of declining output.

Three months ago, at the end of the second quarter of decline, Mr. Dent, never at a loss for the *mot juste*, said it was only a "spasm." Judging by declining real gross national product, the current spasm is more serious than the sideways waffles of 1960-61 and 1969-70. At the end of the second quarter Mr. Dent detected "a substantial improvement in the rate of inflation." Since then the annual rate of inflation has increased. To be precise, as Mr. Dent would want us to be, side-ways waffling-wise, the 11.5 per cent rate of price increase in the third quarter was higher than the 9.4 per cent second quarter rate, and the 2.9

per cent decline in the real output of goods and services exceeded the 1.6 per cent second quarter decline.

Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, knows what is happening, but he also knows the sensitivities of the man he works for, so Mr. Greenspan says his forecast is not for recession but for "possible marginally negative type of weakness" in the economy during the coming months. Gerald Ford, who wants to continue in elective office, says we are not in a recession. Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, an appointive office, says we are in a recession. Mr. Ford is taking no chances, so in Kansas City he gazed out over a placid inland sea of the most well-scrubbed faces in Creation—1,300 Future Farmers of America—and said: Americans are the most wasteful people in the world, and their wastefulness is causing inflation. Then Mr. Ford said someone had told him that Americans are so wasteful that the cure for America's inflation is in America's trash cans, so everyone should take "an hour" and make a "trash inventory."

THEN Mr. Ford went off on a campaign swing, through the Middle West and into Dixie, saying at each stop that the cause of inflation (aside from uninventoried trash) is Congress, which already is awash with Democrats and which, if more Democrats arrive in January, will be a "veto-proof" Congress that will spend the dome off the Capitol Building. He arrived in the Carolinas armed with a speech declaring that a Democratic sweep in this fall's elections would mean a "legislative dictatorship" comparable to the one that made life miserable for the South after the Civil War. Some scholar in the traveling party called Mr. Ford's attention to the fact that the post-Civil War "legislative dictatorship" was imposed by a Republican-controlled Congress. So Mr. Ford omitted that portion of the speech and instructed his aides to instruct the press that Mr. Ford dissociated himself from the offending portion of the text. A government leader cannot be too careful about what he says. □

IN THE MANIFESTO with which he launched his public career, Nasser presented his and Egypt's revolution in three dimensions: geopolitical, demographic, and religious. Geopolitically, the revolution is based on Egypt itself—that is, on the land bridge joining Asia and Africa into what geopoliticians call the "Great Continent," and controlling the passage between the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean. With this base forming the dynamic center, the revolution appears spatially as a series of concentric circles encompassing ever wider regions of Africa, Asia, and, as the diameters lengthen, Europe. Demographically, the revolution is basically Arab. It develops through a synthesis of all the Arab-speaking peoples into the "Arab nation." In its religious dimension, the revolution is Mohammedan—a resurgence of Islam.

Nasser wrote two decades ago. If it had been within the past two or three years he might have added a fourth, the oil dimension. By one of those historical coincidences that seem too frequent to be merely coincidental, the preponderance of the earth's proven and attainable petroleum reserves are located within the present geographic boundaries of the Arab nation. A sizable proportion of the remainder is within the non-Arab Islamic nations, Iran, Indonesia, and Algeria, and semi-Islamic Nigeria.

However, Nasser was expressing a vision rather than formulating a systematic program. As a visionary he might not have raised oil to an equality with his three dimensions even if he had seen, or could have foreseen, the spectacular transformations of the past year's "oil crisis." Nasser would probably have understood intuitively that in and of itself oil, like copper and iron and coal and all other lumps of dead matter, is of no significance for the history of mankind. During all the millions of years of man's history and for tens and hundreds of millions of years before man's existence, the oil has been there under the deserts and forests and tundras and oceans, but oil entered into history only a little more than a century ago: when men began to use it to their purposes. Oil in and of itself is

neither fuel nor feedstuff nor weapon. It became a weapon only a year ago, when the Arab leaders decided to transform it into a weapon. It is their will, not their weapon, that has been triumphant during the year just past.

From out of the Desert

Islam is a militant religion in the earthly as well as the spiritual sense. Though Islam recognizes Moses and Jesus and some other pre-Mohammed men as holy and inspired, Mohammed is Allah's one Messenger and true Prophet. The truth, all the truth and the only truth, is contained in one sole book, the Koran. It is the will of Allah that all men should acknowledge Him, should be under the temporary sway of the descendants of Mohammed, and made subject to the laws of the Koran.

In an ultimate sense the only basic distinction among men is between true believers and infidels. The true believer has no categorical obligation or duty toward an infidel: an oath to an infidel does not bind. In its union of a universal earthly goal (global Islam), totalist system of belief, and correlated army of believers, Islam is analogous to modern Communism. In the jihad, the holy war to fulfill Allah's will that is suspended from time to time but never ended until completed, these true believers who die are translated at once to Paradise.

Islam arose in the Arabian peninsula in the seventh century A.D. Within a century and a half its warriors had carried the sword and word of the Prophet east as far as Indonesia, south into and below the Sahara, and west along the entire southern shore of the Mediterranean, across the straits of Gibraltar through Portugal and Spain and into southwestern France. There its incredible advance was stopped by the Christian knights sprung from the ruins of the Roman Empire. Toynbee concluded that the Arabs' demographic base in Arabia was too meager to sustain their presumptively global drive, but no doubt it was also an eventual weakening of the Arab will after the generations of battle in alien lands—and the confrontation with the relent-

less Christian will tempered in the maelstrom of the Dark Ages.

So the Arab wave receded slowly century by century, with the confrontation between the Christian West and Islam spreading eastward toward the Arabian homeland in three centuries of the Crusades. Raised anew by the Turkish tribes arrived from central Asia, the banners of Islam advanced again into Europe, this time from the south and east, to be halted at the gates of Vienna. Again in the slow pace of centuries, the wave receded from the shores of Europe, and in this cycle Islam seemed to sink into the will-less lethargy that ends in the historical death of a civilization. The captains and adventurers and entrepreneurs of the West pitched their own tents where they chose on the Mideastern sands.

Scraps and Fragments

I am not leading toward any conclusion. These scraps are, merely, fallout from meditations on the oil war. By what is doubtless no more than a historical quirk, it is suddenly once again a general confrontation between the heartland of the Western civilization which, though now largely secularized, is ineradicably Christian, and the heartland of a reviving Islam that does not and cannot cut wholly loose from Allah and his Messenger and Book even as it, too, becomes secularized. This is the form in which the oil crisis presented itself last winter. North America and the Communist bloc were outside the focal concentration. After this latest encounter it was not the Arab wave that began to recede.

Phantoms, MiGs, M-51s, missiles, trade balances, tankers, and oil wells are formidable counters. But perhaps King Faisal's wish that he may pray before his death in an Arab Jerusalem is also of some importance in history's scale. Saint Louis, who for seven years led his knights toward his dream of praying in a Christian Jerusalem, would have understood Faisal. Quite possibly there are more things on heaven and earth than are dreamed of in either Marx's or Adam Smith's philosophy. □

Mr. Wilson's Poisoned Chalice

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE THREE-WEEK campaign preceding Britain's second general election of 1974 lived down to everybody's worst expectations. Really, of course, the politicians had never stopped electioneering since the indecisive result in February: but when the new election date was announced, they all piously said that, at this grave moment in Britain's history, they would campaign entirely on the issues; there would be no mud-slinging, no easy promises, no attempt to disguise the seriousness of the situation. Within a matter of days they were hurling accusations at each other, pledging their parties to make huge handouts of the taxpayers' money, and squabbling childishly about facts and figures.

The most flagrant piece of chicanery was indulged in by the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, Mr. Denis Healey. He tried to maintain that the rate of inflation had been slowed, by the cleverness of the Labor government, to a mere 8 per cent. He contrived this figure by taking three months during which there had been both a once-for-all cut in sales tax and a seasonal reduction in the price of certain foods, multiplying the rise during that quarter by four, and claiming that this was now the annual rate of inflation. The actual rate of inflation is about 20 per cent—and rising.

The newspapers were vitriolic in exposing this deception. Indeed, for some time now, and more conspicuously in this election than ever before, there has been a glaring contrast between the standard of comment and analysis in the press, which, on the whole, has been sensible and realistic, and the complacency, the cliché-ridden thinness, of most politicians' speeches. The newspapers in Britain, even the intellectual ones, are (with a few notorious exceptions) by no means as left-inclined as they used to be. Unanimously they said that this was likely to be the most important election in Britain's history; partly because the economic storm, which seems about to break, was unprecedented, and partly because, if the Labor Party won, dominated as it is by its left wing and in thrall to the union, Britain might be set irrevocably on the road to Marxism. Almost as unanimously they urged their readers to vote Conservative, as the best option available.

So much for the power of the press. The public opinion polls, throughout

the campaign, showed Labor well in the lead; and the final poll, taken on election day itself, suggested—or was interpreted as suggesting—a Labor majority of around 100 seats. So much for the polls. The actual result was a paper-thin majority of just three seats over the other parties combined.

The swing to Labor was real but very slight—an average of about 2 per cent. The principal motivation was fear of industrial chaos caused by militant and seemingly irresistible union leaders, who had already made it clear that they would not accept a Conservative government. The middle-of-the-road electors who swung toward Labor were voting, as they did in February, for appeasement, for a quiet life; which, of course, they won't get.

The alleged "social contract," under which the unions would restrain their wage demands in return for socialist policies from the government, was a cornerstone of the Labor Party's election campaign. Even if it were effective, such a deal would be politically immoral—not a principled contract between government and governed, but a private agreement between this government and a privileged section of the people. In fact, though, the "social contract" means nothing; it isn't worth the paper it's not written on. Behind the screen of words, pay increases are running at 30 to 40 per cent.

Squeezed from three sides, by penal taxation, soaring costs, and price control, very few British companies are making any genuine profit at all. The government must do something to relieve them soon, or there will be a spate of bankruptcies and consequent unemployment. But, as part of the "social contract," the government has promised the unions to enforce strict price controls while not interfering with wages. The immediate danger is that Mr. Healey may try to solve this insoluble dilemma by printing more money.

Harold Wilson has indicated that, even with such a small majority of seats in Parliament, he means to pursue the

full socialist program—a wealth tax, defense cuts, the nationalization of building land, state control over industry, more immunity for strike pickets, the whole package. The Marxists are determined that these policies should go through.

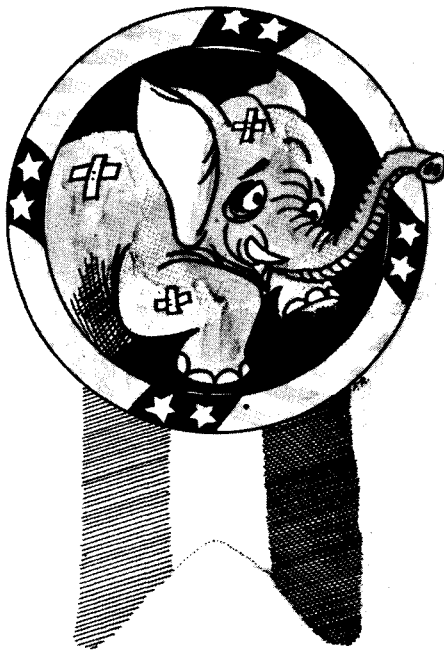
Because the opposition is fragmented, including Liberals (some of them also quite far left), Scottish and Welsh Nationalists, and Ulster Unionists, as well as the main bloc of Conservatives, Mr. Wilson's government probably can survive and rule for quite a long while without being too much inhibited by the smallness of its majority and its lack of a popular mandate for socialism. But the brutal facts of economic life—the vulnerability of the pound sterling and pressure from Britain's creditors abroad—may act as a curb; which will anger the Left and could split the government.

The Tories' Lesson

The Conservatives, meanwhile, will have to rethink their policies and, almost certainly, change their leader. Mr. Heath has not been an electoral asset, and he was personally responsible for the swing away from the free market philosophy, and toward collectivist and syndicalist ideas, which did so much to undermine the credibility of his government. There are signs—not yet definite, but hopeful—that the Conservative Party may have learned its lesson and be ready to move back toward its proper course.

But can the familiar political game last much longer? Winning this election was, arguably, to receive a poisoned chalice. The troubles to come may be so severe, and the measures necessary to deal with them so unpopular, that the government—any government—will be destroyed. For better or worse, new political forms may then emerge. □

Mr. Lejeune is NR's London correspondent.



ELECTIONS '74

Conservatives and Republicans have been asking themselves for the last year whether 1974 would be catastrophic, or merely disastrous. Right now, the betting leans toward catastrophic, from Bangor to Honolulu

Will the Republican Party Survive?

M. STANTON EVANS

UNLESS THE POLITICAL SEERS and opinion polls are totally mistaken the impending by-elections may be the most important in recent memory. For the issue to be decided is not control of Congress—already resolved in favor of the Democrats—or the matter of individual gains and losses—important as these may be to the people who are running. The burning question of 1974 is of considerably greater magnitude than either of these absorbing topics. It is nothing less than the survival of the Republican Party.

All the indicia at this point suggest the GOP is facing an electoral calamity which could rival the disaster that struck the Party in 1958. That projection could be wrong, of course, and many observers including this one devoutly hope so. A wipeout of such proportions would mean a loss of more than fifty seats in the House of Representatives and six to eight in the U.S. Senate, spell defeat for numerous conservative officeholders, and give us a 94th Congress committed to reckless spending, augmented regulation of the economy, and further irrationality in the conduct of our defense and foreign policies. It could also spell the end of the Republican Party as a major force in America.

The factors pointing in this direction are too well known, perhaps, to require elaborate summary. The malaise of Watergate has poisoned Republican opportunities across the nation, and matters do not appear to have changed perceptibly with the substitution of Ford for Nixon. The honeymoon with the new President has been remarkably short-lived, destroyed by a succession of political blunders—amnesty for draft evaders, the Rockefeller nomination, the Nixon pardon, the proposed increase in taxes.

Add to this the all-out drive of organized labor to elect a subservient Congress, a goal that would be amply achieved if this year's results approach the negative dimensions of '58.

Here and there, be it said, there are countervailing tend-

encies at work, and glimmers of hope for those who cherish conservative principles. In some exemplary states, local issues have overridden the Watergate obsession of the national media. In others, individual candidates are reported to be making headway against the negative tide. In others still, the liberal Democrats have shown a faculty for wasting opportunities quite comparable to the Republicans'. Here are some of the races to watch election night.

New England

Ironically, some of the better news for conservatives and Republicans emerges from recently liberal and Democratic New England—though the news is for the most part that the GOP is simply hanging on. A turnover is possible in **Maine**, where it is believed that Republican candidate James S. Erwin has a chance to win the governorship relinquished by Democrat Kenneth Curtis. In **Vermont**, the GOP is favored to hold the seat of retiring Senator George Aiken with Representative Richard Mallary, while former Attorney General James Jeffords, a liberal Republican, is said to be leading in the campaign for Mallary's House seat.

Even better news is heard in neighboring **New Hampshire**, where conservative Governor Meldrim Thomson Jr. breezed through the renomination and is favored for reelection, though the race could be a close one. Thomson has emerged as a forceful leader for conservative opinion, and this campaign is one conservatives across the country will watch with interest. Also in New Hampshire, conservative Republican Louis Wyman is running strongly in the race to succeed retiring Senator Norris Cotton, while GOPer David Banks is locked in difficult combat for Wyman's House seat.

Any optimism one may derive from New Hampshire is immediately dampened when one crosses the border into **Massachusetts**. This is *terra incognita* for conservatives—a leftward Oz where Republicans are less capable of deploying organizational strength than is the Socialist Workers Party and where such Republicans as are discernible tend to be as liberal as their Democratic counterparts. The

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gubernatorial contest, for example, pits extremely liberal Republican Francis Sargent against McGovernite Michael Dukakis. The best that can be said about this contest is that one of them has to lose. A single bright spot in the Bay State is the congressional candidacy of J. Alan McKay, a prominent young conservative who is opposing pro-abortion Democrat Gerry Studds in the 12th CD.

This year's election in **Connecticut** is a mixture of anomalies—with marginal prospects for conservative and Republican pickups. Two United States Representatives—liberal Republican Robert Steele and liberal Democrat Ella Grasso—are running against each other for the governorship, and the result is a potential gain for conservatives in both their districts. The favored candidate in Steele's 2nd District is Democrat Christopher Dodd, son of the former U.S. senator and like his father a moderate conservative. In Mrs. Grasso's 6th District, a hot contest is in progress between radical liberal Anthony Moffett, a protégé of Ralph Nader, and conservative Republican Patsy Piscopo. This is viewed as a possible Republican addition.

The only state in the union that can vie with Massachusetts for egregious liberalism in both its major parties is, of course, **New York**—and this year the Empire State has managed to outdo itself. The Republican Senate candidate is Jacob Javits—since the defection of John Vliet Lindsay the most leftward officeholder in the GOP—while the Democratic hopeful is none other than former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, best known for his favorable impressions of POW treatment in Hanoi. New Yorkers reluctant to choose between their sanity and their citizenship have the happy option of voting for Conservative Barbara Keating—a knowledgeable and attractive candidate whose campaign unfortunately is short of money.

In the state's other major contest, all authorities report a runaway by Democrat Hugh Carey, opposing incumbent Malcolm Wilson and threatening to end a 16-year Republican reign that began with Rockefeller's victory in '58 (it really was a bad year). If these data are correct, the whole Republican ticket might be damaged—including the supposedly invulnerable Javits. A congressional race of interest has developed in Carey's 15th District (Brooklyn) where the peculiarity of the Senate contest is reversed and both the major party candidates (Democrat Leo Zeferetti and Republican Austen Canade) are reputedly conservative.

Ideological preferences are not merely confused but substantially reversed in another liberal Republican stronghold, the state of **Pennsylvania**. Incumbent GOP Senator Richard Schweiker is aligned with the liberal wing of the party, while his opponent, Pittsburgh Mayor Pete Flaherty, enjoys a reputation as a conservative Democrat. The governor's race between Democrat Milton Shapp and Republican Andrew Lewis is a tossup between two liberals.

The South

Signs are that the steady growth of congressional strength which marked Republican efforts in the South throughout the Sixties has pretty well topped out—an apparent casualty of the Party's ideological confusion. Pickup of one new major office (under unusual circumstances) seems possible, and there are scattered opportunities for gains in Congress.

In **Maryland**, what had been viewed as a likely gubernatorial turnover for the GOP now seems less so. Democratic

Governor Marvin Mandel, weakened by scandals and some sensational marital difficulties, was thought to be fair game for Representative Lawrence Hogan. In an apparent backlash against his pro-impeachment stand, however, Hogan proceeded to lose the Republican nomination to Louise Gore, long a respected name in Maryland politics. According to the *Washington Post*, Mandel is outspending Miss Gore by a margin of 10 to 1, and is touted as the favorite. Conservatives have a special stake as well in the House races of Marjorie Holt (4th District) and Robert Bauman (1st), and none at all in the predicted reelection of liberal Republican Senator Charles Mathias.

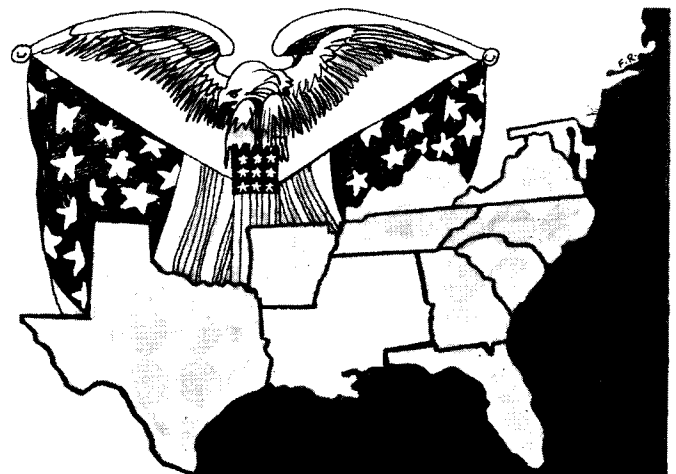
Measured by conservative voting records, the state of **Virginia** is perhaps the best represented in America. There is some comfort, therefore, in reports that minimal turnovers can be expected here. Early warnings suggested GOP Representative Stanford Parris of the 8th District (Alexandria) was in some difficulty, thanks to a massive onslaught from the AFL-CIO. Now, however, Parris is reportedly in the lead.

Like Virginia, **Tennessee** has trended Republican in recent years but '74 has offered little prospect for improvement. Republican Winfield Dunn is ineligible to succeed himself and the statehouse is up for grabs. GOP candidate Lamar Alexander had been favored over Democrat Ray Blanton, but at present the race is too close to call.

Kentucky is by all accounts a major hunting ground for senatorial Democrats. The political soothsayers tell us Republican Senator Marlow Cook is in serious trouble, and will probably lose to Democratic Governor Wendell Ford.

North Carolina Republicans are angling for some congressional turnovers, but are generally thought to be coming from behind. Hopes are expressed for the 4th District (Raleigh-Durham), where it is believed conservative GOPer Ward Purrington has reasonable prospects against freshman Democrat Ike Andrews. Among incumbents, conservative Republicans Wilmer Mizell (5th District), Earl Ruth (8th), James Martin (9th), and James Broyhill (10th) should all be back, while Democrat Robert Morgan is favored to succeed retiring Senator Sam Ervin.

The brightest star in the Southern Republican firmament is **South Carolina**, where the GOP has its first opportunity in a century to elect a governor. And if that occurs, some other state positions could go Republican as well, plus additional GOP seats in Congress. Prospective beneficiary of this unusual turn of events is Dr. James B. Edwards, a



plainspeaking conservative who upset General William C. Westmoreland in the Republican primary and is widely touted as the gubernatorial front runner by the media.

Edwards had reportedly been trailing Democrat nominee Charles (Pug) Ravenel, but the state Supreme Court ruled that Ravenel was not in compliance with a five-year residency requirement, and Representative William Jennings Bryan Dorn was installed as the Democratic candidate. The resulting disarray in Democratic ranks has boosted Edwards' hopes.

In the middle 1960s, Republicans were on the move in **Georgia** and seemed destined to convert the state entirely. In recent elections that dream has faded and the GOP has sustained a number of bitter setbacks. These days the Party is down to a single congressman, Representative Ben Blackburn of the 4th District, and he is by all reports confronting a difficult battle for reelection. Blackburn is one of the most effective Republicans in Washington, and the conservative cause could ill afford to lose him.

It wasn't so long ago that Republicans were also ascendant in **Florida**, but bitter factional warfare and the troubles of Senator Edward Gurney have caused the Party considerable grief recently. It is now hoped that Gurney's Senate seat can be retained by drugstore magnate Jack Eckerd, a solid and consistent conservative. Eckerd is opposed by Secretary of State Richard Stone of Miami. Republicans also have some prospect of converting the House seat vacated by Representative William Gunter Jr. in his unsuccessful Senate run. The GOP candidate is Judge Richard Kelley, something of a liberal maverick (5th CD).

Whether conservative Southern voters are ready for congressional swinging may also be tested in the 2nd District of **Arkansas**, where veteran Democrat Wilbur Mills is opposed by Republican Judy Petty. Mills' recent *contretemps* with a striptease dancer has resulted in waves of adverse publicity and given Mrs. Petty's campaign an enormous boost, though it would take a lot to unseat the powerful Ways and Means Committee chairman.

The major congressional race in **Texas** is raging through the rocky scrub country that stretches from San Antonio to the reaches of west Texas (21st CD). The Democratic candidate is liberal Robert Kreuger of New Braunfels, the Republican is Douglas S. Harlan of San Antonio. Harlan is running as a conservative, and this is viewed as a potential Republican pickup.

The Midwest

On the usual form charts, the Midwest should be promising territory for Republicans this year. Of ten Senate races in the region, seven involve the seats of extremely liberal Democratic incumbents representing states with a history of conservative voting. Yet it is extremely doubtful at this point that any of these will be converted by the GOP, while the three incumbencies held by Republicans are all subject to fairly serious challenge.

A Democratic seat that seemed a natural for the GOP was that of **Ohio** Senator Howard Metzenbaum, a controversial liberal appointed by Governor John J. Gilligan. Democrats retrieved the situation, however, by ousting Metzenbaum in the primary and replacing him with astronaut John Glenn, who has become the Lochinvar of Ohio politics. Cleveland Mayor Ralph Perk, the Republican



nominee, seemed beaten before the race got started. At the statehouse level Republican fortunes are somewhat brighter, with folksy former Governor James A. Rhodes making headway against Gilligan. Most of Ohio's Republican congressmen should survive, though special attention is being focused on the campaigns of national conservative leader John M. Ashbrook in the 17th District and conservative hopeful George E. Mastics in the 23rd.

No major surprises seem in store across the line in **Michigan**, though Republican Governor William Milliken, disliked by conservatives, is reportedly facing a vigorous fight from Democrat Sander Levin. Of special interest is the 18th District contest between Republican Robert Huber and liberal Democrat James Blanchard. Still a freshman, Huber is a respected conservative leader in Congress. A possible Republican turnover in the 8th Congressional District, where James Sparling opposes Democrat Robert Traxler, winner of this year's special election.

Indiana had also seemed a likely spot for a Republican Senate gain this year, with liberal Democrat Birch Bayh having established a voting record demonstrably at variance with Hoosier sentiments. Republican nominee Richard Lugar, however, has waged a somewhat diffuse campaign which to date has failed to penetrate Bayh's country-boy armor. While the race must be accounted a possibility for the GOP simply on the nature of the electorate, most Indiana observers rate Bayh the leader. If the top of the GOP ticket does poorly, this could jeopardize a number of conservative congressmen—including Earl Landgrebe (2nd District), Roger Zion (8th), David Dennis (10th), and freshman William Hudnut (11th).

Next door in **Illinois**, another archly liberal Democrat, Senator Adlai Stevenson III, is considered a shoo-in for reelection. Most political analysts here are watching the torrid race for Congress between Daley Democrat Edward Hanrahan and conservative Republican Henry Hyde (6th District). Also of interest is the campaign being waged in the 15th District by staunchly conservative Cliff Carlson and liberal Democrat Tim Hall. The race is said to be a tight one, as is the contest between Republican Sam Young and Democrat Abner Mikva in the 10th. Conservative leader Phil Crane (12th District) should be back, along with such other rightward GOPers as Edward Derwinski (4th), Robert Hanrahan (3rd), and Robert Michel (18th).

Wisconsin presents a fairly dismal outlook for Republicans, whose chances of unhorsing Senator Gaylord Nelson and Governor Patrick Lucey are widely rated as slim.

none. The GOP will be extremely lucky to come out of Wisconsin with what it already has.

Up **Minnesota** way, three of the state's eight congressmen picked this year to retire—and two of them happen to be Republicans. In the 2nd District, conservative Tom Hagedorn is counted on to hold the seat of retiring GOP Representative Ancher Nelsen, and in the 6th youthful Jon Grunseth is battling to succeed Republican John Zwach. Democratic Governor Wendell Anderson will be reelected. There is no Senate race in Minnesota, but there is in **Iowa**—one of the GOP's few realistic chances to turn over a midlands Senate seat. Democratic Senator Harold Hughes is retiring, and the race to succeed him between liberal Democrat John Culver and moderate Republican David Stanley is assertedly close. The GOP might also pick up Culver's House seat with liberal GOPer Tom Riley, while the Republican candidate to succeed retiring stalwart H. R. Gross is Charles E. Grassley, a rock-solid conservative.

It's 1968 all over again in the **Missouri** Senate contest, which rematches Democrat Tom Eagleton with former GOP Representative Tom Curtis. The difference this time out is that Eagleton became something of a home-state martyr when he was dumped from the Democratic presidential ticket in '72, and this factor is thought to make him a prohibitive favorite. The Missouri GOP has been resurgent, however, under youthful officeholders such as Governor Kit Bond and Auditor John Ashcroft, and Curtis is eminently capable. This is a good one to watch for election night.

South Dakota's Senator George McGovern is opposed by ex-POW Leo Thorsness, and on the issues he should be vulnerable. Reports are, however, that McGovern's counterattacks on the politically inexperienced Thorsness have slowed the GOP campaign.

In **North Dakota**, meanwhile, veteran Republican Senator Milton Young is being pressed by former Governor William Guy. A third-party liberal candidate should pull some votes away from Guy, but this is still considered a danger zone for Republicans. More hazardous yet is the Senate contest down in **Kansas**, where former Republican national chairman Robert Dole is battling Democratic Representative William Roy. The Watergate pall is especially strong in Dole's campaign, as a result of his service as a partisan spokesman for the Nixon Administration.

Oklahoma's Republican Senator Henry Bellmon started the campaign year as an underdog, chiefly because of an anomalous position in favor of busing. However, his Democratic opponent, former Representative Ed Edmondson, has run a somewhat inept campaign and Bellmon is currently favored.

The West

As in the Midwest, ten U.S. Senate seats are up for grabs in the states of the West. Republicans prospects here are thought to be slightly better than in the midlands, though hardly glittering. But it is still conceivable that the GOP will emerge from the balloting in the Western states with a net loss in the Senate, and a considerable erosion of its strength in the House.

On every available index, **Alaska** is the strongest Republican state in the union—at least this time around. According to the polls, State Senator C. R. Lewis is leading incum-

bent Democrat Mike Gravel in their race for the Senate, and conservative state legislator Jay S. Hammond is believed to have a shot at the governorship as well. Conservative GOP Congressman Donald Young is favored for reelection. The Republican outlook in **Hawaii** is less pleasing, since Democratic Senator Daniel Inouye is without opposition, both liberal Democratic representatives seem assured of reelection, and Democrat George R. Ariyoshi appears to be the state's next governor.

California's usually confusing politics have been made even more so this year by massive redistricting. The political savants are saying the GOP could lose as many as five House seats, and that the governorship relinquished by Ronald Reagan will go to Democratic Secretary of State Edmund G. Brown Jr. In the Senate contest, Democrat Alan Cranston is said to be far out in front.

Potential problems for the California GOP are thought to exist in the 13th District (George W. Milias), the 16th (Burt Talcott), 17th (Bob Mathias), 19th (Robert Lagomarsino), 35th (Victor Veysey), and 41st (Bob Wilson).

Democratic chances in **Oregon** appear to have been strengthened in recent weeks by the vigorous campaign of State Senator Betty Roberts against liberal GOPer Robert Packwood. No turnovers are envisioned, however, in the state of **Washington**, where veteran Democratic Senator Warren Magnuson is opposed by Republican Jack Metcalf.

In increasingly conservative **Idaho**, Republicans are out in force to topple liberal Democrat Frank Church from his post in the U.S. Senate. His opponent is Robert L. Smith, a first-rate conservative. Church has exhibited a peculiar hold on the Idaho electorate, however, and Smith is reportedly trailing. Standout freshman Representative Steve Symms is favored for reelection, as is former Representative George Hansen, though Hansen has been damaged by charges concerning his election finances. Republicans also have a chance to gain the Idaho statehouse with conservative Lieutenant Governor Jack Murphy.

Colorado's Republican Senator Peter Dominick has been reported in danger for some time, but appears to have rallied a bit in recent weeks against McGovernite Gary Hart. The GOP has some hope of recovering the 1st District (Denver) House seat with antibusing conservative Frank Southworth, and also has prospects of reelecting Governor John Vanderhoof. Republican Representatives Donald Brozman (2nd District) and William Armstrong (5th) are favored.

That seeming rarity in '74, conversion of a Senate seat to the Republican column, is a definite possibility in **Nevada**. Here former GOP Governor Paul Laxalt has been favored over Harry Reid for the Senate seat of retiring Democrat Alan Bible. Freshman Representative David Towell, however, is said to be struggling. Another Senate victory, this one a retention, is said to be unfolding in **Utah**, where Salt Lake City Mayor Jake Garn is favored against a Kennedy liberal, Representative Wayne Owens. In Utah newspaper polls, Garn leads Owens by eight percentage points for the seat of Senator Wallace Bennett.

Finally, there are good omens in **Arizona**, where "Mr. Conservative" Barry Goldwater seems assured of reelection. The state's conservative Republican congressmen (John Rhodes, Sam Steiger, John Conlan) are also expected to win, though Rhodes reportedly faces stronger than usual Democratic opposition. □

I smoke. And I'm not going to apologize for it.



Sure, I've heard it all. I'd light up at a cocktail party. And somebody would remind me of what they've read about smoking in the papers.

Well, I read the papers, too.

I've heard all that stuff they say about high 'tar' and nicotine. And I'd be less than honest if I said it didn't make me concerned.

So I went the whole route. Tried one of those low 'tar' cigarettes, and got as much flavor out of it as a toothpick.

But I kept trying. Guess I enjoyed smoking too much.

That's when I ran across Vantage. And what do you know. It tasted like a cigarette.

Now Vantage wasn't the lowest in 'tar' and nicotine. It didn't claim to be. Just the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette that still gave me the full tobacco taste I'd missed.

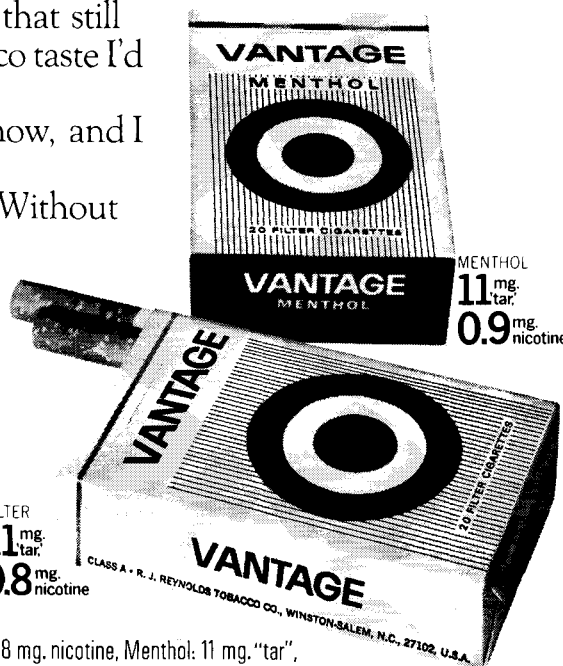
Maybe it's the Vantage filter. Frankly I don't know, and I don't care.

I just know I can cut down on 'tar' and nicotine. Without cutting out the flavor.

Now I don't have to make any excuses for smoking. Not since they made Vantage.

Maybe you'll feel the same way.

Lee Bryant
Lee Bryant New York, New York



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar",
0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.



**THEIR IDEAS
CAN HELP
PROVIDE...**



**Enough
Energy
for
America**



We've been tuning in on America and we like the realism on energy we're beginning to notice.

More people now seem to understand that our energy problems didn't end with last winter's gasoline lines. That reducing dependence on imports, which supply more than a third of the petroleum used in this country, will be a hard pull for a decade or longer. That, in the meantime, we've got to scramble for energy wherever we can get it here and abroad.

Yogi Berra's got the key word for what the effort will take. Teamwork. It does the job for baseball's New York Mets, most years anyway. And it's absolutely critical to greater energy security. Industry, government, environmentalists, consumers—working together instead of feuding.

Improving America's energy position will take a willingness to let the free market do its job. Missouri's Claudie McQuerry, the farmer in our circle, dislikes having to pay more for fuel. But he knows from growing corn that it takes realistic prices to offset rising production costs. And it requires time before price incentive brings in more production. In the petroleum business, the lag between finding and producing new oil and gas is often three years or more.

There's a need, too, for government restraint if the petroleum industry is to attract hundreds of billions of dollars in new investment to find, produce, and refine enough fuel for the decade ahead. Because nothing could hurt worse than excessive government interference. Today's acute shortage of natural gas, for example, traces directly to imposition of wellhead price controls on gas 20 years ago. They brought bargain-basement prices, stimulating demand while killing incentive to

look for new reserves.

If America's long-term energy position is to be sound, everyone must help:

Industry—supplying know-how, taking risks, raising unprecedented capital.

Government—setting durable ground rules, providing a sound investment atmosphere, slashing red tape, helping with research. There's need, for example, to clear the way for deepwater ports (so still-needed imports can be handled efficiently in very large tankers). It's vital, also, to end administrative delays blocking new oil and gas exploration off our coasts (where geologists think America's biggest undiscovered reserves may lie). In research, government can help make down-the-road fuels like solar energy and nuclear fusion commercially feasible; and help resolve the environmental problems in producing energy from the West's abundant coal and shale.

Environmentalists—they'll have to compromise, but not with their principles. Walt Welles, the sailing enthusiast in our circle, depends on diesel fuel and on petroleum derivatives like his maintenance-free plastic hull and quick-drying sails. But he's counting on advancing technology and strict regulation to minimize oil spills and other pollution. Oil companies can live responsibly with that kind of trade-off.

The consumer—he's got a role, too, nurturing that conservation ethic he learned in last winter's emergency. Making precious fuel stretch.

Everyone, in short, making a team effort, providing in the years ahead enough energy for the economic growth so essential to social progress, material well-being and a cleaner environment.

Count on us to be team players.

Mobil®

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"On the surface it had all the earmarks of a misadventure: William F. Buckley Jr. in the United Nations! The silver bullet of American conservatism whistling through those corridors of internationalism! Is the book a misadventure? No, it is not. In it, the author keeps his celebrated wit in shape, commenting on the proceedings, thumbnailing the cast of characters [giving] us lively pictures of how the institution works, [conveying] some of the deeper reasons why he, the conservative who had written so critically of the United Nations in the past, could now accommodate himself to a position previously occupied by the likes of Eleanor Roosevelt and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. This is refreshing stuff. It must be a rare acrobat who can pass through the United Nations, and keep his wits and his moral priorities about him. Like a high wire artist attempting to cross Niagara Falls on his fingertips, Mr. Buckley has astonished by surviving."

NY TIMES

"Trenchant and imperial prose, behind-the-scenes anecdotes, vitriolic portraits of major diplomatic figures."

Library Journal

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Book World

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NYT Book Review (Eric Redman)

"This book tells us far more about the reality of the United Nations than we are likely to learn from official sources. Essential reading."

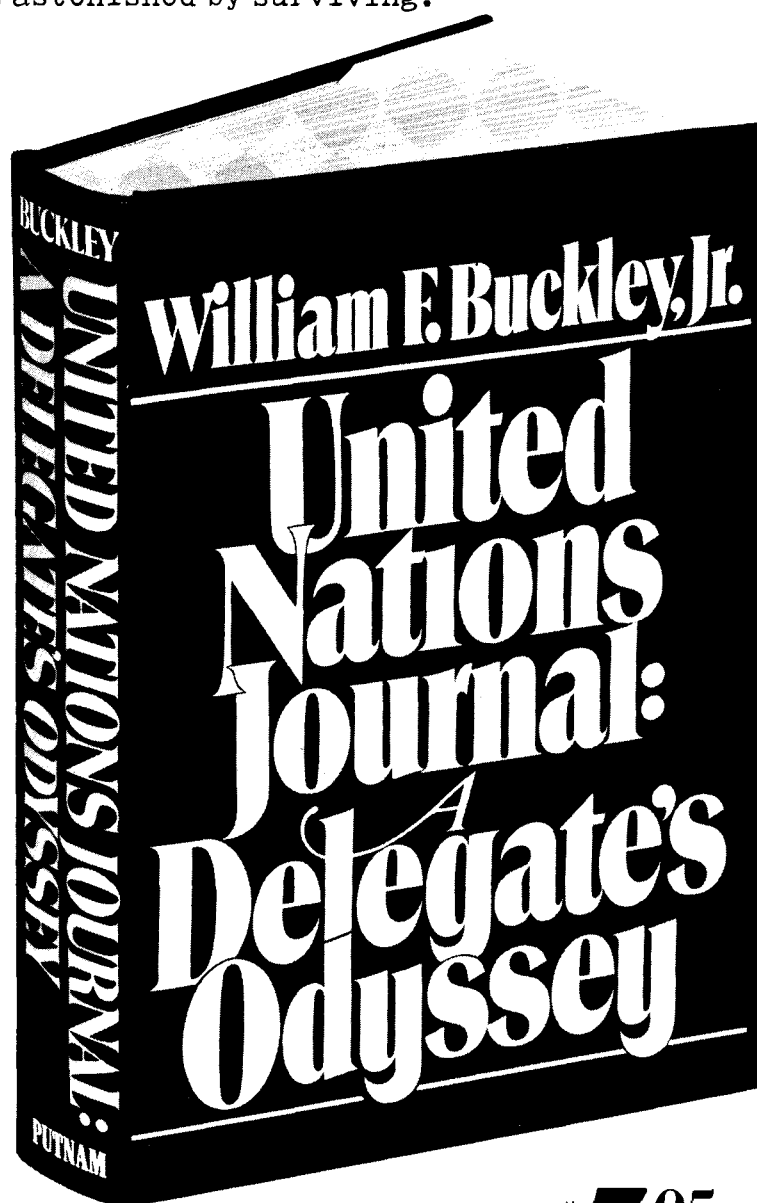
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"If it is possible to write an amusing book about the United Nations, Buckley had done it."

Dayton Ohio News

"Fascinating, beautifully written, thumbnosing pretentious targets, full of impudent charm, proving even the impotent Babel at the UN can be fun if observed deeply through a sense of humor."

*Jack O'Brian,
King Features*



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Caught in the Act

RICHARD B. CARROLL

FOR THE LAST DECADE OR SO, Americans have been bombarded by the news media with information and misinformation about the environment. Publicity and the consequent public agitation prompted a rash of environmental legislation, culminating in the Clean Air Act amendments of 1970. The philosophy of establishing air quality standards first and then developing plans to meet those standards—as most states have done—was retained in the amendments. This time, however, *national* air quality standards had to be set by the Federal Government and achieved by each state through an implementation plan that had to be approved by EPA. In addition, the 1970 legislation gave the Environmental Protection Agency authority to set emission standards for *new* manufacturing plants and establish tight nationwide standards for auto emissions.

Predictably, a massive federal bureaucracy has been created to administer the environmental legislation. The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has an annual operating budget of about half a billion dollars and more than 9,000 employees. The many activities of EPA have had a profound effect on America, and particularly on the shape of things to come. For instance, the EPA has banned DDT (much to the pleasure of tussock and gypsy moths) and issued regulations on indirect sources of pollution, such as parking facilities. The pervasiveness of EPA can be judged by the fact that in one twenty-day period alone it initiated 109 official actions. Above all, the Guidelines and Regulations of EPA and the resultant state emission standards are requiring vast and often unnecessary expenditures by industry, which ultimately will be borne by the public in higher prices.

The benefits to society for some of

these costs are, at best, minuscule. In addition, the EPA requirements have contributed to our energy problem, which, if you haven't heard lately, is still with us. The President's Council on Environmental Quality estimated that the total pollution abatement costs (air + water + solid wastes) for the decade ending in 1981 will be about \$275 billion. Under pressure from environmentalists, EPA has jawboned the states into adopting emission standards that often are unduly strict, bearing no relationship to the amount of emission reductions needed to meet the air quality standards. Partially as a result of this folly, coal use declined dramatically in the late Sixties and the nation became dependent upon Arab nations for 9 per cent of its oil (25 per cent for the East Coast).

WE HAVE approximately 45 per cent of the world's coal reserves and we obviously must use this fuel. Yet one of the EPA requirements for electric utilities is indiscriminate "scrubbing" of power plant stack gases when coal is burned, to remove sulfur dioxide emissions. Proper environmental safeguards obviously need to be provided in the use of coal. The EPA requirement, however, neglects costs and other environmental problems that are sure to follow from this proposed "scrubbing" requirement. Principally, "scrubbing" produces a monstrous quantity of sludge that must be disposed of. For example, for a large power plant (one million kilowatts), it has been estimated that 1.6 square miles of land would be covered with sludge ten feet deep after twenty years of disposal. Even aside from the danger of possible leaks to ground water, land space for this disposal is simply not available in or near our crowded urban areas.

High atmospheric concentration of sulfur dioxide should not be tolerated. The task is to bring the purity of the air into line with prudent air quality standards. "Scrubbing" is new technol-

ogy, yet to be proven for continuous operation in a large modern power plant; examiners at a hearing in Ohio have concluded that there has been no adequate demonstration of the availability of scrubbers for sulfur dioxide control. Even if the technology is perfected, the requirement for "scrubbing" *without due consideration of air quality* should not be inflicted on the inflation-plagued American people. Such a requirement is not needed any more than a twenty-lane highway is needed between Louisville, Kentucky and Nashville, Tennessee merely because the technology exists to build superhighways. Satisfactory air quality can often be achieved by other means. The new Energy Supply and Environmental Coordination Act of 1974 provides for a limited and complicated program to convert power plants from the use of petroleum products and natural gas to the use of coal, but more remains to be done.

Dispersion from tall stacks (see "Leaping before Looking," *NR*, May 25, 1973) and indefinite use of intermittent control systems have been proposed to the Congress. These control systems require emission reduction only when atmospheric conditions indicate air quality standards may be violated. Such emission reductions need be only occasional (if at all), short-lived, and modest. On the other hand, emission limitations by limestone "scrubbing" will be massive, continuous, and relatively costly. "Scrubbers" on the system of the Tennessee Valley Authority alone would cost about \$1 billion to install and \$225 million per year to operate. A federal interagency committee has estimated that consumer costs for electricity could increase by as much as 17 per cent with stack gas cleaning of sulfur dioxide.

The 1970 Act required EPA to set emission standards for new plants using the best system of emission reduction that has been adequately demonstrated and, also, to take the cost of achieving that reduction into account. It is imperative to appreciate the relatively large cost of removing the last dregs of pollution. For example, it could cost two and a half times as much to increase emission control from 85 per cent to 99 per cent as to remove the initial 85 per cent. Moreover, the tail ends of pollution discharges often have only a trivial impact on air quality, out
(Continues on page 1313)

Mr. Carroll, an industrial engineer, specializes in air pollution problems.

Even if the South Vietnamese can handle their military problems they must still deal with their major crisis—the possible withdrawal of support by an inconstant U.S. Congress

The Scoresheet, Fall 1974

JAMES E. DORNAN JR.
PETER C. HUGHES

“GENTLEMEN MAY CRY peace, peace,” Patrick Henry told the Virginia Convention; “but there is no peace. The war is actually begun!” Such is the situation in South Vietnam, almost two years after the promulgation of the Nixon-Kissinger “peace with honor” in January 1973. To be sure, the massive and direct United States involvement has ended, and Vietnamese affairs, when covered at all by our nation’s leading newspapers, are now relegated to the inside pages. In the largest sense it is now, as an unnamed State Department official recently asserted, “their war.”

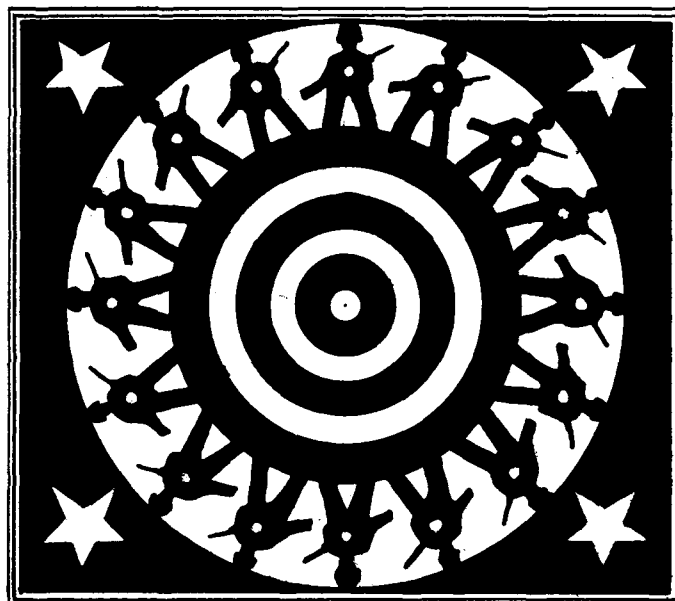
In the 21 months since the ceasefire accord as many as 100,000 Vietnamese are estimated to have been killed on both sides—almost twice America’s total 12-year loss of 55,000. South Vietnam alone has had some 4,500 civilians killed (6,900 are listed as missing), and 21,000 military personnel have also been killed (9,000 are listed as missing). Military contacts between the two sides have averaged at least 3,000 per month and there had already been a total of 56,520 ceasefire violations recorded by August of this year. For the Vietnamese, then, the war is unrelenting.

Since the ceasefire agreement the North has infiltrated roughly 150,000 new troops into the South, resulting in a net gain of some 60,000, and bringing its total troop strength as of August 1974 to approximately 270,000. (Some reports, incidentally, put the North’s total troop strength at a much higher figure; Saigon’s own figures place total enemy troop strength at 450,000.) But the Vietcong political infrastructure in the South is in serious disarray. According to Saigon officials, the Vietcong now control only 5 per cent of the civilian population in the South. They have stepped up terrorist activities in an effort to reassert their control.

The North also hopes to rebuild its infrastructure through what has been called the “Third Vietnam” strategy, often discussed as a possible interim policy for Hanoi. Capture of a major portion of Quang Duc Province, plus additional advances in Phuoc Long and Binh Long, would give the Communist forces control of a broad belt of South Vietnam stretching from the Parrot’s Beak to the former DMZ. This area could then be administratively consolidated with the extensive contiguous territories in eastern Cambodia and Laos now controlled by North Vietnam, and the existence of a new state formally proclaimed. Subsequent diplomatic recognition might be more readily obtained than under present circumstances, and a functioning political alternative to the Saigon government with full international status would then be established. It is perhaps with this end in view that Hanoi has recently resettled 40,000 civilians in areas near I Corps and farther south along the Cambodian border. Hanoi is thus picking up diplomatic advantages while awaiting a more propitious time for a major military effort.

In addition to increasing its troop strength in the South and rebuilding its political infrastructure, the North has also been able substantially to replenish its military equipment.

Since the ceasefire the North has infiltrated 400 new heavy armored vehicles, mostly Soviet and Chinese equipment, including T54, T55, and PT76 tanks. In addition they have brought in over 150 new long range artillery pieces that will outdistance anything the South has, and they have also brought in hundreds of smaller artillery weapons. Of particular significance for the present military activities in the South are the nearly 1,000 new anti-aircraft pieces the North has brought in (up to 1,000 mm.), many of which are radar-directed. The South has no compar-



able weapons. As a result the South Vietnamese air missions have been substantially scaled down.

Few doubt that Hanoi still intends to gain control over the South by force. But although Hanoi is physically capable of launching an all-out general offensive at any time (U.S. intelligence sources indicate that Hanoi could undertake and maintain an offensive on the scale of 1972 for one and a half years before they would run out of supplies), such an offensive is not considered probable at the present time. It is generally believed that Hanoi would prefer to launch the offensive to coincide with South Vietnam's presidential election in 1975, or with the U.S. elections in 1976. These estimates are based on the belief that the North's military strategy is closely tied to a politico-psychological strategy. In particular, the North has linked its strategy to the American peace movement and its propaganda efforts to end U.S. support for South Vietnam.

While the South Vietnamese military has performed well by any standard, decreased U.S. military aid has brought on problems of munition and gasoline shortages. The South has consequently been forced sharply to reduce and curtail its military activities, including probe and strike missions, as well as general air support and reconnaissance flights. One of the most noticeable results of the reduced aid and the munition and gasoline shortages has been the closing of distant outposts and the consolidation of South Vietnam's military line. In the Delta (rice) region alone, some 500 of 3,000 outposts have been closed.

The closing of these outposts has not resulted in any major population loss, but the psychological significance cannot be underestimated. However, Hanoi is experiencing problems of its own. The North is handicapped by a continuing food shortage as well as by its inability to exploit Sino-Soviet differences. Last month, in fact, both the Soviet Union and Red China announced they were halving military aid to Hanoi. Thus, for the time being the North seems content to mount low-level attacks on ARVN posts interspersed with occasional spectacular terrorist raids, while attempting to expand Vietcong control over both population and territory in the South and to force Saigon to accept the North's interpretation of the ceasefire agreement.

THE COMMUNIST attitude toward the Paris Accord has of course been apparent from the beginning. One man from a coastal province expressed it well to the American reporter James Markham: "Either Thieu implements the Paris agreements and he loses, or he refuses to implement them and he loses." Hanoi hoped that the truce would result in the elimination of American air power from the war, a speedy withdrawal of U.S. ground forces, and restrictions, if possible, on the flow of American military aid to the Saigon government. If political arrangements which would ensure the triumph of the People's Revolutionary Government could be forced on Saigon, so much the better; if not, the war could be resumed whenever and at whatever level seemed most likely to topple the Thieu government and bring a Hanoi-dominated Communist regime to power.

While the huge North Vietnamese Army presents a constant threat of the most serious proportions, for a variety of reasons (including those mentioned above), a major all-out offensive does not seem probable at the present time.

Should one occur, it is unlikely that it would result in the permanent capture by the Communists of major cities or much new territory, whatever temporary advances might be achieved—and widely publicized—in the opening phases. The effectiveness and morale of the ARVN are improving, and the armed forces of the South appear to have the capability to isolate and reduce the importance of many of the "leopard spot" zones during the months to come. All of this, of course, depends on a continued flow of military aid from the United States.

South Vietnam is a country torn by war. Many of its finest young men have perforce been summoned to a military career and thus have been unable to contribute to their nation's political life. Her internal security problems have for decades been sufficiently acute to engender justifiable fears for survival. It is not surprising that such circumstances breed restrictions upon what in the West are called civil liberties, and certain of these curbs are acknowledged as necessary even among the most libertarian South Vietnamese. Furthermore, such restrictions upon civil liberties

Few doubt that Hanoi still intends to gain control over the South by force

in wartime are not unknown even in the United States, as students of the Lincoln, Wilson, and FDR Presidencies ought to remind us more often.

During our stay in Vietnam we saw none of the outward manifestations of the totalitarian state so visible, for example, in Red China, the Soviet Union, or Eastern Europe. The military presence is quite visible, but the reasons for that are obvious. Few of the citizens we spoke with seemed bitterly opposed to the government. Indeed, more than 560,000 South Vietnamese have been armed as part of the Popular Self-Defense Program, with a loss rate of only one to five weapons per thousand distributed—impressive figures for a society supposedly governed, in Tom Hayden's words, by a "small, externally imposed, and increasingly despised elite." Significantly, there has been no indication of revolutionary stirrings even from an armed populace.

The continued flow of refugees from the NVA-VC areas and the Communists' persistent refusal to agree to negotiations on a timetable for holding competitive elections are testimonials to the relative popularity of the government and the declining acceptability of the VC. In general, we found no reason to dispute the judgment of U.S. Ambassador Graham Martin (expressed to us during a briefing) that "there has developed in recent months a pervasive sense throughout the country of the legitimacy of this government." "The Vietcong," he asserted, "are now largely regarded as intruders, tolerated or resented."

We were profoundly impressed by the extraordinary group of able and dedicated young men who are increasingly being designated to fill high posts in the armed forces

Mr. Dornan is chairman of the department of politics at the Catholic University of America; Mr. Hughes is on the staff of Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia.

It is not surprising that such circumstances breed restrictions upon what in the West are called civil liberties

and in civil agencies up to the ministerial level. While in Vietnam we were able to speak at some length with men such as the newly designated Minister of Information, Hoang Duc Nha; a principal aide to the Minister of Finance, Pho Ba Quon; the Minister of Trade and Industry, Nguyen Duc Cuong; the Minister of Tourism, Pham Luong Quang; and Nguyen Ngoc Bich, the head of the government press center. It is in the hands of these men—often U.S.-educated, with degrees from institutions such as MIT, Harvard, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, and Columbia, and thoroughly committed to the cause of a better and non-Communist South Vietnam—that the future of that nation rests; and its prospects are clearly enhanced by their presence in high government posts.

Since our visit to Vietnam an additional cabinet reorganization has occurred, as well as several changes in the armed forces leadership and among the province chiefs. Such shifts seem designed to improve further the administrative efficiency of the government and to reduce the incidence of corruption. The South Vietnamese government is clearly not the anonymous collection of old military and bureaucratic hacks of liberal legend. In fact, the average age of Thieu's cabinet is only 49 years, as compared to an average of 60 for Hanoi's Politburo. Clearly the government has a public relations job to do in this area.

ANOTHER OF South Vietnam's major problems in the forum of world public opinion has been the issue of "Saigon's political prisoners." In fact, as the London *Economist* observed, "it looks as if North Vietnam has dropped the idea of another attack into the South for the time being—in favor of a campaign against American help to South Vietnam's economy." There is ample evidence to support this claim, including Jane Fonda's and Tom Hayden's lobbying efforts on Capitol Hill. The U.S. Ambassador to South Vietnam, Graham Martin, has called the Fonda-Hayden combine the "cutting edge" of Hanoi's campaign against South Vietnam. Their jihad, which Martin quite rightly points out has captured the enthusiasm of assorted American peace groups, some journalists, and some key Capitol Hill aides, rests on charges that Saigon is holding 200,000 civilian political prisoners and that it has undertaken systematic repression of the people of South Vietnam. The purpose of the campaign, continues Martin, is "to create the impression that if you're against evil, torture, and repression, as most Americans are, then we don't want to give aid to a regime like this."

Mounting criticism of the Saigon government led the U.S. Embassy, under the auspices of Ambassador Martin, to undertake three intensive staff-level investigations into the political prisoner question. The Embassy's conclusion is that the civilian prison population totals no more than 35,000 persons. Of this figure nearly 30,000 were common criminals—a figure that compares proportionally with the prison

population of any other country. The remaining 5,000 have been listed as "Communist offenders" or South Vietnamese who have actively aided the Communist war effort. These men have been designated to be exchanged with the Communists in the prisoner of war negotiations. Ambassador Martin asserts further that there has been no systematic torture of prisoners, and that his staff could not locate a single prisoner who had not committed an act for which he would have been jailed in other countries.

Although willing to concede that the U.S. Embassy's report will not change the minds of those who believe only what they want to believe, it will, said Martin, "be convincing to those reasonable and objective persons who are still concerned with the truth—and fortunately, the majority of the citizens of the United States still come within this category."

Over all, then, we came to believe that there exists in South Vietnam today a stable and viable government, clearly inspiring more popular support than its NVA-VC opponents. Its future obviously depends upon the extent to which it can deal effectively with the awesome array of military and economic problems which confront it. And its ability to do that will for the next few years depend upon continued aid from abroad, and especially from the United States. It might even be said that the major crisis facing South Vietnam in 1974 is economic, not military.

A viable economy for South Vietnam will depend not only on the cultivation of sufficient rice to feed the nation's 19 million people at reasonable cost, but also upon the production of surplus for export. While this ambition will not be realized for several years, the agricultural potential of the nation is virtually unlimited. In the short run, however, South Vietnam faces an arduous road, and continued infusions of foreign aid, especially from America, will be necessary for four or more years. In the interim, the people appear well fed, and as resilient and hard-working as any in Asia. There are no signs of damage and destruction, either in the cities or in the countryside, on a scale wide enough to interfere with economic development.

Over the long term, if the effects of the enduring warfare can be minimized, continued increases in agricultural productivity, coupled with the development of an export trade in wood, glass, shrimp and other fish products, and the

The Communist attitude toward the Paris Accord has of course been apparent from the beginning

more effective utilization of the cheap and abundant supply of technically skilled labor, hold out legitimate hope that the economic miracles of Taiwan and South Korea can be repeated. The development of a self-sufficient economy will be quickly accelerated if the present search for offshore oil is successful. The first traces of oil were discovered at the end of August, but many months of testing will be required to determine whether the oil reserves are large enough to have commercial value.

Twenty years after American involvement in South Vietnam began, South Vietnam remains dependent to a substantial—although declining—degree upon U.S. assistance.

Whatever errors may be said to have characterized the extent and nature of that assistance in the past, we have concluded that a continuation of the present effort is justified. We reached this conclusion precisely because it is our judgment that the prospects for the development of an orderly and progressive society in South Vietnam at last appear to be bright—a pleasant surprise, let it be said, for these writers.

Current trends in the U.S. Congress, however, may be cause for concern. The Nixon Administration's request for \$1.4 billion in military aid to South Vietnam was cut to \$1 billion by a House and Senate Conference Committee. Of the \$1 billion authorized for 1975 only \$700 million has

been appropriated (\$50 million less than an amendment offered by Senator Kennedy on the floor of the Senate). U.S. and South Vietnamese government officials have said that \$1 billion is the absolute minimum needed by Saigon if it is to maintain a credible defense effort. It is estimated that the aid reduction will force the South to reduce its military activities some 40 per cent by the end of the year as compared to 1974 levels.

Unless the United States Congress recognizes the seriousness of the threat to South Vietnam created by our military aid reductions, U.S. policy could be the major factor in a military defeat of Saigon. It is a prospect in which we can have little pride. □

Senator Furbelow Questions a CIA Agent

JIM WALKS DOWN the street, casting covert glances left and right. He stops outside of a Gobble Burger restaurant, enters, orders a gobbleburger, and takes it to a secluded table. Actually, the gobbleburger is a disguised cassette. Jim bites it—thus activating the mechanism—and puts it to his ear.

RECORDED VOICE FROM GOBBLEBURGER: Good morning, Jim, this is the voice of your chief. Your mission this time, if you choose to accept it, is a delicate one. You are probably familiar with the Communist regime of President Alfredo Gutzmann, ruler of the tiny Central American nation of Rumpo del Burro. Here's some background on Gutzmann . . .

NEW VOICE BREAKING IN: Jim . . . I'm here too . . . can you hear me? (*Jim nods.*) Listen, Jim, I must warn you that any intervention in the government of President Gutzmann by your Assignment Impossible gang will result in immediate jail sentences . . .

CHIEF (*in a whisper*): Jim, I know you're wondering who that was. (*Jim nods.*) Let me explain. Our Agency is being investigated by the Senate Committee for an Ethical Espionage Service, and that was Senator William Furbelow, who heads the committee. He lost his state's senatorial election recently, and he's got a lot of time on his hands, so he comes poking around our offices every day. He's driving us mad, and nobody will help. Kissinger can't be reached. They tell us he's locked in a holding pattern over Acapulco. Ford has retreated into the White House kitchen and is presumably cooking a breakfast to end all breakfasts . . .

FURBELOW: Jim, I heard what he said, and as for that senatorial race I lost, I just want to say . . .

CHIEF (*icily*): Excuse me, Senator, but I'd like my microphone back, if you will yield. Now then, Jim, where was I? Oh, yes, I was filling you in on President Gutzmann. Well, this Gutzmann took over the country last year after poisoning his opposition at a Banana Foster breakfast, and since then he's gone from one atrocity to another. No sooner was he in power than he seized the country's only American corporation, declared a stock split, brought out a secondary offering—and then skipped the quarterly dividend. All this during a sagging market. Next, he confiscated the wealth of the nation (which our informants tell us he keeps in a sock

under his bed), rounded up all rich citizens, and made them submit to acupuncture torture.

FURBELOW (*blandly*): It was a Medicare program, Jim. They had gout. (*Jim is biting his fingernails.*)

CHIEF: In addition, he had himself proclaimed a Deity by his theologians, erected a statue of himself, and makes everybody bow before it—even atheists.

FURBELOW: So? I always thought we Americans believed in a religious basis to government.

CHIEF: And there's been this string of nasty little incidents, Jim. Like putting pressure on his National Tourist Bureau to drop their travel ads in the *Sunday Times*. Like referring to President Ford as the Johnny Weissmuller of the White House. Like doing an imitation of Henry Kissinger before the UN.

FURBELOW: Ever hear of freedom of expression? (*Jim is sweating.*)

CHIEF: Frankly, Jim, the man is too much. So your assignment . . .

FURBELOW: Jim . . . can you hear me? Listen closely, Jim. If you or any of your men intervenes in any way in the Gutzmann government—I mean, writes nasty letters to the paper, throws eggs, anything—you will be jailed. You understand? Jailed. And forget about a pardon. It's bad theology. (*Sounds of a scuffle.*)

CHIEF (*panting*): Jim, this is the old chief again. As I was about to say, the man is a menace and has to be . . .

FURBELOW (*shouting in background*): Jim, it would be a mighty nice gesture if you and your men approached Gutzmann and apologized sincerely for the way our State Department has . . .

CHIEF: As I was trying to say, Jim, the man is a clear and present danger and has to be kept out of the way for a few weeks until his term expires. That's your assignment, if you choose to accept it. Don't hurt him—just keep him out of trouble. I'm talking about Furbelow, Jim. We'll discuss Gutzmann later. This is the toughest assignment of your career, and you have my full sympathy. And Jim—hurry before the whole place self-destructs.

FURBELOW: Non-interference, Jim . . . self-determination . . .

(*Explosion.*)

—S. L. VARNADO

TO BE AN AUSTRALIAN with pretensions to intellectual conservatism has always been a lonely experience. To be one in 1974 is (in a typically pallid Australian way) a frightening experience.

In the 1950s and 1960s Australia prospered and its economy expanded dramatically under a Liberal (i.e., conservative) government, led from 1949 to 1966 by Sir Robert Menzies. He and his party were helped to remain in power by a split in the Australian Labor Party: in 1955 a group of mainly Roman Catholic anti-Communists formed the Democratic Labor Party, pretty well leaving the Australian Labor Party to those with a penchant for going "soft on Communism."

Menzies was a skilled pragmatist, but did little to promote a conservative ideology within the Liberal Party. What anti-Left political philosophy there was in the country became the province of the Democratic Labor Party (whose objections to the Left had theological overtones) and a handful of Eastern European refugees.

With the Liberals' drift into ideological and intellectual bankruptcy generally apparent, the Australian Labor Party was returned to power late in 1972. It was led by Gough Whitlam, a large and well groomed lawyer, chiefly known up to that time for trimming his sails to the political wind and for having thrown a glass of water over a parliamentary opponent in a moment of petulance.

Whitlam's Labor government didn't share the belief of the great Labor prime ministers of the Thirties and Forties that Australia's defenses should be as strong as could reasonably be expected from a country of its size. Instead, he waved a sword of self-righteousness at the twin demons of Capitalism and Imperialism. The anti-Rhodesia, anti-Taiwan campaign was stepped up, while recognition was accorded all the more odious varieties of Communist regimes.

Money was lavished on the civil service, swelling it to such a size as to make its vote vitally important, and those in the arts and media who might be found useful—not to mention such sources of sociological debate as teachers and social workers—suddenly found a government gravy train rolling past their doors. Other money was showered on welfare projects, such as the setting up of Aboriginal turtle farms, and ex-

AUSTRALIA

Whitlam's Demonology

HAL COLEBATCH

cursions into culture-broking whose wastefulness and uselessness might raise the eyebrows of George McGovern himself.

One field in which the taxpayers' money was not lavished was defense. The facts are almost incredible: a line drawn down the center of Australia from north to south would have on its western side not a single tank, ocean-going combat ship, or modern fighter or bomber aircraft. There are only a handful of understrength and dispirited formations scattered up and down the east coast, including the single small aircraft carrier, *HMAS Melbourne*, laid down during World War II, and a few Centurion tanks literally falling to pieces. In many of their policies the Australian Labor Party was simply moving further and faster in directions the rundown Liberals had been looking toward, but the previous government had at least shown a minimal regard for defense preparedness. A series of anti-American outbursts by the Whitlam government did not do anything to strengthen outside alliances. (Though American economic domination of Australia is resented, there is, especially among the older generation of Australians, a large amount of goodwill toward Americans for wartime aid.)

The Australian Security Intelligence Organization—the rough equivalent of the FBI—was raided by its own political head, the then attorney general, Senator Murphy, at the beginning of Labor's term of office. The object of this raid was apparently to purge it of right wing tendencies. Reports since then indicate that its office space has been greatly expanded. Dr. Jim Cairns, a stalwart cold war campaigner for the Communist peace fronts, host to North Vietnamese and Vietcong visitors, and frequent visitor himself to East European capitals on World Peace Council and related business, has recently been elected deputy prime minister. Dr. Cairns is a former Special Branch police detective. More and more Russian warships patrol the Indian Ocean.

Since Labor took over, "government" has become the operative word, and central government at that. A notice on Australia House in London proclaimed that "Canberra is becoming increasingly the center of Australian thinking and planning." The central government's approach to the states could only be described as an all-out attack, though six referenda it proposed to amend the constitution so as to increase its power even further were all defeated—suggesting that the silent majority of Australians regard their constitution with at least a certain gravity. The Liberals in opposition have watched complacently the destruction of the Democratic Labor Party, and hope to steal Labor votes by flirting with radical chic—the same radical chic (about 1968 model) that expatriate American academics are now importing wholesale. But American chic radicals have not been Australia's only sociological import. There have also been English shop stewards, bringing the viciously polarized battles of an economy of scarcity into what is still an affluent society.

BUT INFLATION gallops ahead. Already the prospect of massive cutbacks on welfare looms. An embryo black market has formed, and interest rates are soaring. There is not enough money, goods, or services to go around, and the Labor movement's answer seems to be more strikes by its industrial wing and more bureaucratic controls by its governmental wing. The big capitalists can afford to find loopholes. The small cannot. Even so, life goes on as ever in the sun and suburbs—boozy, torpid, and with only slight concern that the bulkier pay packet buys less than ever. And the few conservative intellectuals turn their heads from left to right and back again. □

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Limits of the Law

Days and Works

GERHART NIEMEYER

A PROPOS OF NOTHING in particular, I should like to muse a little on the limits of law. Let me preface this by two quotations which together represent my own attitude toward the law. The first is from Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons*: "MORE: [Would you] cut a great road through the law to get after the Devil? ROPER: I'd cut down every law in England to do that! MORE: And when the last law was down, and the Devil turned round on you—where would you hide, Roper, the laws all being flat? This country's planted thick with laws from coast to coast—man's laws, not God's—and if you cut them down d'you really think you could stand upright in the winds that would blow then? Yes, I'd give the Devil benefit of the law, for my own safety's sake." The second quotation is from Heraclitus: "For all human laws are nourished by one, which is divine." These two encompass for me the aspects of the law that command my deep allegiance: the human protection of procedure, and the divine majesty of the law's substance.

We are talking here not of speculative thoughts but of rules having effect and respect in human society. It is an observable fact that legal rules apply within certain limits and that beyond those limits, not only effectiveness but also validity is doubtful.

The law of our books and our precedents consists of concepts and principles applying to typical relationships and situations that occur daily in the lives of many men and women. Their frequency and typicality make possible those abstractions in which statutes or findings are expressed. Go beyond the realm of these "regular" magnitudes and the abstractions cannot be made to fit, nor the rules to measure. International relations provide the obvious examples. Since 1920, well meaning statesmen have thought they could ex-

tend the ordinary law and its procedures to world politics. They dubbed international political conflicts "disputes" and expected that they could be decided like questions of property, in a court of law. They construed something called "aggression" on the analogy of a crime against society and devised corresponding punishments. There was no lack of effort to make these concepts stick. Try as they might, however, the concepts would not fit.

Law, Aquinas said, is "a rule and a measure." Conflicts between nations revolve around something that proved incommensurable, namely, the political element, which is in fact a problem of existence. States do not have natural bodies, but only artificial boundaries. They feel indeed that a conflict over territory is more than a question of "mine or thine": it touches on the whole of political existence. If they often see war as an arbitrament of such conflicts, it is not necessarily from an atavistic preference for violence, but rather a conviction that problems of existence call for staking one's whole existence. No abstract concept can conceivably "measure" such a situation. Similarly, the committees which for decades sought to define "aggression," as our statutes define "murder," simply could not come up with a formula that would do justice to the political qualities of the situations, since the first shot is not necessarily fired by the one with the aggressive intent.

LIBERALS OFTEN speak disdainfully of "power conflicts," which to them smack of fascism. Actually, it is not the power component which is incommensurable but the fact that questions of existence are necessarily unique or unprecedented. We remember the legal problem in *The Merchant of Venice*, at first a simple question of contract which, however, moved beyond the realm of legal normality when enforcement threatened the physical existence of the debtor. The obligation was rightly invalidated, though not without a logical subterfuge. We also remember that great constitutional conflicts were settled by contests of power, with or without civil war, rather than by courts. The British constitution, to this

day unwritten, received its shape from a series of such contests beginning with Runnymede and Magna Carta.

Revolution is another case in point. Revolutionaries violate the laws, but not as criminals do. Criminals steal, rob, defraud, but rely on the laws to protect them against similar misdeeds. They have no quarrel with the law; they merely want to set it aside in their own favor. Revolutionaries, by contrast, want to change not only the laws but the whole of political existence. Whether in defeat or victory, their actions and intentions cannot be measured by ordinary law. It is true that when unsuccessful, they are often subjected to treatment as ordinary criminals, and when successful, they demand obedience as if they were ordinary governments. But the existence both of "revolutionary tribunals" and of "political prisoners" is evidence that revolution is a situation where normal rules cease to govern.

Realizing the limits of the law is a mark of wisdom rather than of disrespect or even of irrationality. It is those who make a fetish of the law and seek to force it on incommensurable situations who are guilty of dogmatism. Modern history is full of their quixotic crusades. There was the suggestion that war could be abolished and all disputes "settled peacefully"; this was succeeded by the equally doctrinaire concept of "world law." In between, we had the fateful decision to punish German and Japanese citizens for violation of "laws" which were imposed on them only at the time of the trial. This concept eventually turned against us, as predicted, at the time of the Vietnam War.

When I emigrated from my native Germany I had just seen the demise of the Weimar Republic aided and abetted by courts that treated the life and death struggle of the Republic against its enemies as if it were a problem of a disputed lease. By contrast I noted with delight the profound realism of the Supreme Court in this country, which insisted on staying clear of "political questions" as matters beyond legal normality. The dogmatism and naiveté that ignore the limits of the law should not be mistaken for righteousness. □

Crisis in Spain

WITHIN A YEAR we have witnessed two major terrorist actions in Spain: the murder of Admiral Carrero Blanco, a victim of the Basque revolutionary organization ETA, and the even more fiendish bombing of a Madrid café, most of whose clients were not even supporters of the government. No Spanish underground organization has assumed responsibility for the bombing, which was widely deplored. The police accuse the Basques, but proof has yet to be found.

This act of terrorism aroused a good deal of nervousness, for many in Spain who know that Franco may not live much longer fear that a radical change is imminent. According to the official plan, Prince Juan Carlos is to succeed Franco, a prospect that fills some Spaniards with hope and others with frustrated dismay. Under an authoritarian regime which does not allow political parties, public opinion has great difficulty in crystallizing. Opponents of the government can communicate their views privately to friends, but that, obviously, will not sway the masses. And the limitations of private expression make it all but impossible for the radically divided forces of the opposition to settle their differences. Only within the top layers of society is there no failure of communication.

Spaniards are highly individualistic, even anarchical, two traits that quite naturally produce their antithesis: a strong sense of discipline which crystallizes in small, closed, well organized bodies, fanatical in their pursuit of order and cooperation. Tremendous organized pressures and counterpressures have always marked Spanish history. Still, the anarchical note is dominant and in consequence the state, whatever its form, has always been generally disliked.

The only well organized groups outside the governmental bodies (the army

From the Continent ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

and, quite separate from it, the *movimiento*) are the Communists and, locally, the Basque separatists and the Carlists. But the broad masses have, so far, not shown much interest in politics. A member of the social elite who is opposed to the government told me angrily the other day, "We Spaniards are all people of the belly!" And the bellies are fairly full. Although Spanish living standards, compared to those of other industrial nations, are still low, they are now probably the highest in the country's history. Consequently there is no general yearning for a change because it might so easily be a change for the worse. There is, after all, the example of neighboring Portugal and its recent revolution.

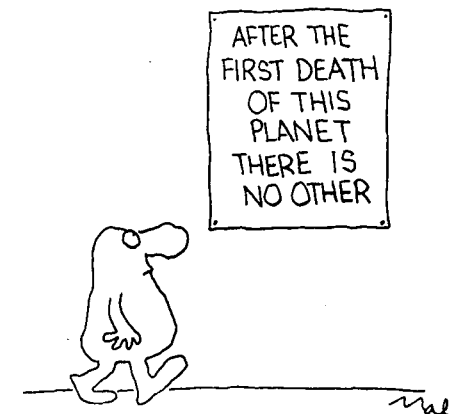
In Portugal the general economic deterioration is noticeable. In a year or so the government's balance sheet may well look dismal. Even with military expenses reduced as a result of the withdrawal from Africa, there are a number of other reasons for further deterioration of the economic situation, chief among which is that foreign investors are leery of investing in today's Portugal. For the Spanish masses every additional day of Portuguese decay is an object lesson. Switching from dictatorship to democracy is more of an experiment (in the narrow sense of the term) than switching the other way. It is always easier to foretell how a specific person may react than to predict the outcome of mass fermentation. Democracy rests on uncertainties; elections are intended to bring change. But it is not difficult to guess what authoritarians or monarchs will do.

Whereas the masses in Spain seem disinclined to move at the present moment, they might, given the opportunity, listen to the voices of ambitious politicians-to-be. The Spaniards are not a lethargic people and their intellectual leaders (I know several of them) are often highly ambitious and sometimes incredibly vain. How many shadow-governments already exist in Spain? And how many disappointments await them? Almost all of them are coalitions in which each faction is hoping eventually to outwit the others. Spaniards can be coldly reasonable but sometimes they act totally irrationally, at which point mood alone becomes the decisive

factor. No one, remembering the Thirties, could view another civil war with equanimity.

There is, no doubt about it, something in the air in Spain. Spain became a democratic republic for the second time in 1931—an experiment as ill-fated as the first one—at a moment when much of Europe was turning toward dictatorial regimes. What might be the least painless course for Spain when Franco is gone is a return to monarchy—a strong monarchy that would respect civil liberties but rule with a representative body that was *not* based on aggressively ideological parties. Any "re-ideologization" would mean turning the clock back to 1920.

THE CLAIM that the Franco regime rests on the support of the large landowners, the army, and the Church and is opposed by artists, intellectuals, peasants, and workers has never been entirely true. It is less true than ever today. A large sector of the Church is opposed to Franco and his system for a variety of reasons (self-interest not the least among them), and "the rich" are very much divided; only the army still seems to be solidly behind the regime (though some officers, aping their colleagues in Peru and Portugal, are more "left" than "right") and much of the Falange does not at all like the idea of a monarchical restoration. Still, the inarticulate little people are surprisingly often pro-Franco. After all, this old officer has brought them higher living standards (the *milagro económico*) and has introduced to the country at large modernization in many fields. □



Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Moon Madness

There he goes again, Aieeee-ong! Reverend Sun Myung Moon up for another hook shot. Hot damn, it's a one-man Bruce Lee festival, *Fang of the Taiwan Dragon* or something. He trampolines, both feet off the ground, slaughtering his own palm—lop! lop! lop!—wide armed, ecstatic in a blue business suit. Moon is moon faced, he looks like the bottom of a wok. It's hideous, more or less.

Outside the Garden they're yelling for Jesus. It could be Dee-fence! Dee-fence! Dee-fence! The anti-Christ Moon has brought them all out, sects of five, sects of one, vegetarians, plus one uncommitted soul selling balloons. Two priests have at each other point-blank with bullhorns. The leaflets lie curb to curb, I haven't stepped on cement in half an hour. It's bedlam, and dangerous. Police horses bring up slaver, afraid. A lamppost starts to go, whipping back and forth, suddenly lithe as a fiberglass fishing pole.

Inside. So much for the gift of tongues: all that heavy revelation and God couldn't buy him a Berlitz record. Korean isn't a language, it's a misdemeanor. Prophet Moon sounds like someone cutting rubber on a Honda under three feet of water. Mr. Bo Hi Pak, Number One interpreter, loses everything in translation. A kung-fu tantrum comes out, "You know, in Matthew's Gospel, chapter seven, verses 16 through 18 . . ." Mr. Pak lives in a world of bathos and anticlimax. Mr. Moon too: couple months ago he called Nixon "God's chosen president."

Outside. A NO MOONSHINE placard clips me one in the mastoid. I field my glasses belt high, a nice play, but I'm trapped, the mob's peristaltic movement

is irresistible: maybe five thousand militant Christians plus the Moon people who can't get in. There's a woman lying at my feet. I step over her. A fat man fingers me. "You saw what happened. Don't let them do this to me. Don't forget me." The cop is exasperated, his cuffs are too small, they glance off. He holds the fat man captured, arms behind back, as in a game of ring-a-levio. I am digested past.

Inside. Prophet Moon is saying, so sorry, Jesus blew it. He should've found the perfect woman and made perfect children. The Gospel of marriage encounter. But—the 54-year-old Moon tells us—but a third Adam is coming. If cornered, he'll tell you Adam III was born in Korea around, oh, 1920. That's all, no names: he's coy as a *New Yorker* magazine cover.

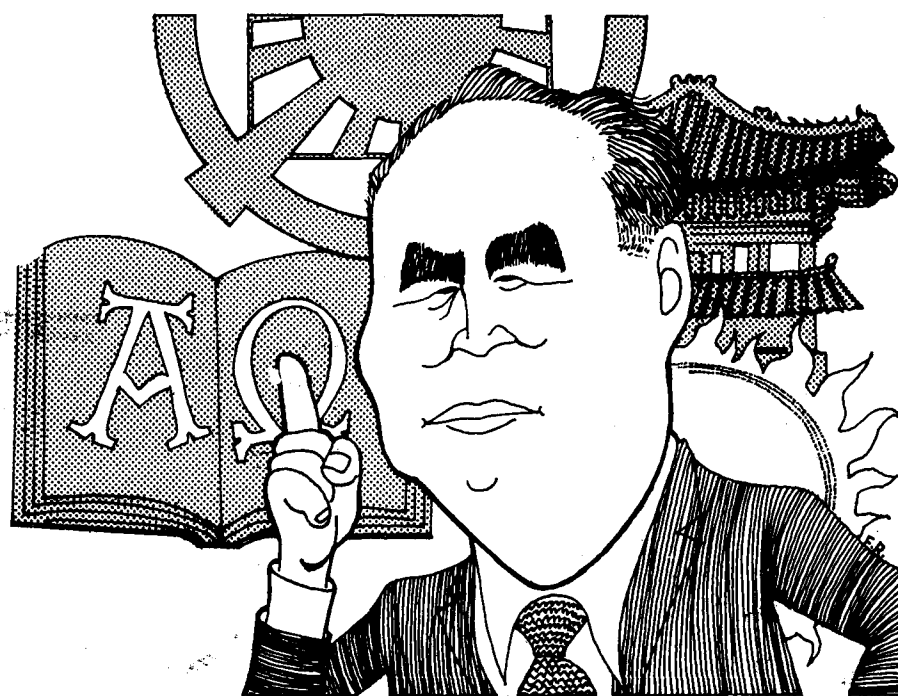
Outside. Goldbadge won't let me through the pressgate. "No way. Every time I open up they rush us. Five of my men got hurt last time." Moon people gave away a quarter million free tickets to the Garden, cap. 19,000. Nat-

urally it's SRO an hour before kickoff time: papering the house of God.

Inside. They've been cloned, it's gotta be. I've never seen anything to beat it. The Moon kids are eerie: same fine facial bones, same razor cut, same Windsor knot. Dour, slim, and seven out of eight—no, eight out of nine—wear wire frame glasses. The males, that is. The females are different, but they all have a little something wrong with them: a limp, a lisp, a jumpy eye muscle. Human, at least. When Moon's cadres get down to breeding I hope wire frames are recessive.

Outside. The pros have come downtown, mostly black and Latin. Revival groupies who follow the preached word as I follow baseball. They lust after spiritual main events, even in Korean, and anyhow it's the one family entertainment they can afford. The rest is theology. Between Seventh and Eighth Avenues God's nature is stripped to its chassis and rebuilt in five hundred treadmill debates. They go like this. "If God exists, why is there suffering? Huh? Huh?" "Original sin—" "My niece just died, you telling me she was a sinner? Huh?" "Well, yes, we all—" "Oh I see. Did you ever lose a niece, friend?" "I think that's irrelevant—" "Irrelevant is it? See how he worms out. Answer me—did you ever lose a niece?" "No, darn it, I'm not even an uncle." "See! See!"

Inside. Moon's audience has been tiptoeing out since 7:00. After three hours Goldbadge lets me in; first time I've second-acted a revival. Perhaps seven

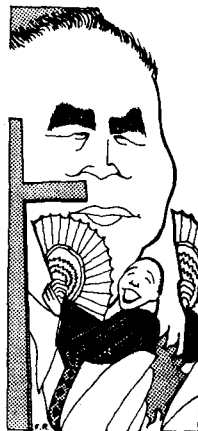


thousand people left. At \$300,000 for publicity, my presence has cost Moon fifteen bucks. I sit expensively.

Outside. Sentiments fished from the gutter. "The BAPTISM of the HOLY GHOST is essential to your salvation REGARDLESS OF YOUR CHURCH, FAITH, CREED, OR RELIGIOUS TENANTS." (Methodists in the upstairs apartment?) "Whoever heard of THE MESSIAH coming from a place like KOREA??? It's not only absurd, it's really ANTISEMITIC. Everybody knows the Messiah is Jewish. But Mr. Moon is about as Jewish as a fortune cookie."

Inside. Prophet Moon off after two hours, Uncle Sam on. Moon's an anti-Communist, which proves that no one can be all bad, but Uncle Sam . . . only a foreigner would try that in New York. The New Hope Singers act out their junior high school style revue, admonishing America to come back home. Blackout and single spot on Miss Liberty with a Duracell battery in her plastic torch. Very embarrassing, but the audience approves. Prophet Moon is an easy act to follow

Outside. I catch Wireframes by the hem of his Rogers Peet jacket. How about Moon's munitions factory, as featured in the *New York Times*? "Oh, that—it was just air guns. For sportsmen." Well, how about the sex offenses, op. cit.? "Oh, there was a curfew in Korea. Sometimes a woman would have to stay over at one of Reverend Moon's churches. But nothing happened, he was acquitted every time." Every time:



that's a lot of acquitting, but . . .

Inside. Mr. Pak signs off. "Many thanks for your most intensive listening. God bless. God bless."

Outside. I'm dogtired, without resistance. At random I select a young Pentecostal. His New Testament is paraplegic, spine-snapped, read. Moon detritus lies like a late spring snow around us, here and gone. We sit on the Garden's great cement stoop and I let him remind me of salvation, that Jesus' death was sufficient even to my four star sins. I drowse, listening: it's a good thing to know. □

MAGAZINES

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Having It Both Ways

Race is without a doubt the political subject we Americans have talked about more than any other for over a decade now, and it is remarkable, to my mind, how little is thought out and freshly said on the whole murky matter. For one thing, we have been reluctant to admit that it *is* murky. A few years ago, the public ideal was the liberal one: the color-blind meritocratic society, egalitarian and (though only up to a point, it was tacitly assumed) integrated. That remains confusedly half-true, a state of affairs I hope to consider at more length very soon. For now, it is interesting to note that blacks enjoy a position of rhetorical privilege: they can have it both ways, indulging both racial pride and resentment against "racism."

This is borne out by two sharply different magazines aimed at blacks, *Ebony* and *Essence*. *Ebony* is the old-timer, the one with the *Life* format. It might be described as a family magazine, though I know nothing about its real readership—I know of nobody who reads it, rarely see anyone buy it, and yet assume it has a fairly large and solid readership. (The only black man whose home I've visited lately had *Time* and *Playboy* only—no *Ebony*.) You might succinctly describe it as the "Negro" magazine, in that it came along in the first years of the civil rights movement's, real successes. But the word "Negro" seldom appears in its pages now. *Ebony* tries to keep up with the times, giving space to younger black celebrities, new black fads and styles, the angrier black rhetoric of today, as well as to Thurgood Marshall and Martin Luther King Sr.

Essence doesn't exactly complement *Ebony*, being aimed specifically at young black women. It's only a couple of years old; which means it's post-Malcolm X, Stokely Carmichael, Muhammad Ali, Watts, Brownsville, and the rest. It not only never says "Negro"; it capitalizes "Black." (But not "white.") It's a sassy, Now magazine. It would be unfair to say that *Ebony* shuffles and *Essence* struts; but the epi-

gram may give you a sense of the difference. *Essence* is laid out better, and relies more on prose, less on pictures. Sort of a black *Cosmopolitan*, substituting racial pride and anger for prurient interest. The difference may be put a bit more subtly: *Ebony* is about "black people," while *Essence* is about "Us." You get the feeling that at a party, the *Ebony* people would sit back and benevolently watch the *Essence* crowd having a good time.

Essence enjoys an obvious advantage in all this. It doesn't mind affirming "Blackness." *Ebony*, by contrast, sounds an uncertain trumpet. It is geared more to integration than to unabashed self-celebration, and is therefore in the psychological position of the old liberal ad-

vocates of containment. They're playing for a stalemate; no more than that. C. S. Lewis has observed that no man who says "I'm as good as you" really believes it; "he would not say it if he did." The claim to equality is generally an unintentional confession of inferiority; of an anxiety to measure up against others



by an alien standard, and the consequent acceptance of a standard by which the subject almost necessarily *can't* be equal.

IN THIS respect, both magazines are of a divided mind. (*Essence* is more defiant of the white world, but then, that is not to say it is more independent.) *Ebony* often has articles aimed at refuting theories of correlation between races and IQ; *Essence* recently had two such pieces in one issue, "The Trouble with IQ Tests" and "Testing: Another Word for Racism." The latter said: "If the proportion of Blacks or other minorities in such classes [i.e., classes for the retarded or slow learner] is greater (or less) than what would be expected from their numbers in the school system, and a test determines those placements, it is evidence that the test is biased and illegal." It's the "(or less)" that fascinates me. Does the writer think a test that flunks proportionately fewer Jews or Oriental children is somehow designed to favor

them? Would he contend that batting averages are unfair to white baseball players, since blacks disproportionately lead both major leagues? There are always ways of wriggling out of such questions, and it is uncivil to bait black people with them, especially since they generally attach so much more importance than they should to questions of racial supremacy. But my point is precisely that they ought to attach little or no importance to them.

When blacks worry about these matters, they have already succumbed to the false values of the white society they profess to want reformed. How ironically pathetic, when they have affirmed that it is not shameful to be different in color and culture, to see them still trying to keep up with the Joneses at this racist level. Perhaps they need another magazine. □

Film

PHILIP NOBILE
LEE EISENBERG

The Parallax View Focused

If you ran a successful assassination bureau and hoped to expand business, where is the last place in America you would arrange a hit? The Staten Island Ferry? The set of *Let's Make a Deal*? The observation deck high atop the Seattle Space Needle? All three are dumb but the dumbest of these is the Space Needle. For even if your point-blank assassin were lucky enough to reach the elevator after the act, he would certainly be nabbed on the ground. The only other way out is the roof. But without a good pair of wings, your assassin would have problems on the Needle's slippery dome. Even G. "Crazy Gordo" Liddy wouldn't have tried this—more than once.

Yet a Space Needle job, purposely reminiscent of the killing of Robert Kennedy, is the central event of *The Parallax View*. The movie is about how one reporter (Warren Beatty) tries to infiltrate and lasso the Parallax

Corporation, the mysterious bureau whose agents specialize in knocking off politicians. In the opening scene, director Alan Pakula stages the forty-story murder of a charismatic California senator who seems to be campaigning for higher office. The perpetrator, disguised as a waiter at a Space Needle reception for the senator, passes a tray of cocktails to a fellow waiter-conspirator, then fatally shoots the mark. Fleeing to the roof, the killer slips and rolls off the dome to his death. From here on, as we shall demonstrate, it's all downhill for *The Parallax View*.

What's playing at the movies these days? Implausibilities—large and small. But implausibility doesn't have to ruin a film; it can just grow on you—like cancer. Think back to *The Sting*. Why would paranoid mobster Robert Shaw fail to inquire into the Chicago bona fides of Redford and Newman before betting \$400,000 in their phony bookie joint? After all, Newman had just stolen his wallet and cheated him at cards while setting up the big sting. And consider *Chinatown*, this year's smash. Why would Faye Dunaway sue marital lawyer Jack Nicholson for libel when he is bound to uncover her dirty little secret, the keystone of the movie?

Screenplays are worse than ever. Narrative permissiveness is lousing up an increasing number of films. Curiously, nobody seems to care that logic has gone with the wind. The critics flipped their lids over the unrelieved mindlessness of *The Parallax View*—"American filmmaking at its best"

(*Newsweek*); "Might well invoke envy in the great Alfred Hitchcock" (*Saturday Review/World*); and our favorite comment: "Makes a mark on the intelligence. . . . The intrigue is honest, the logic unassailable" (Judith Crist in *New York*). There must be some mistake. *The Parallax View* is a complete fraud any way you look at it. Even *The Day of the Dolphin* was internally harmonious; the only implausibility was the fishy dialogue.

But the flaws of *The Parallax View* run deep. The plot of this purported thriller has more holes than Second Avenue. The makers of the film play fast and loose with cause and effect. Implausibility and gratuity, that's what *The Parallax View* is made of. So what? So you really can't understand who's doing what to whom, that's what.

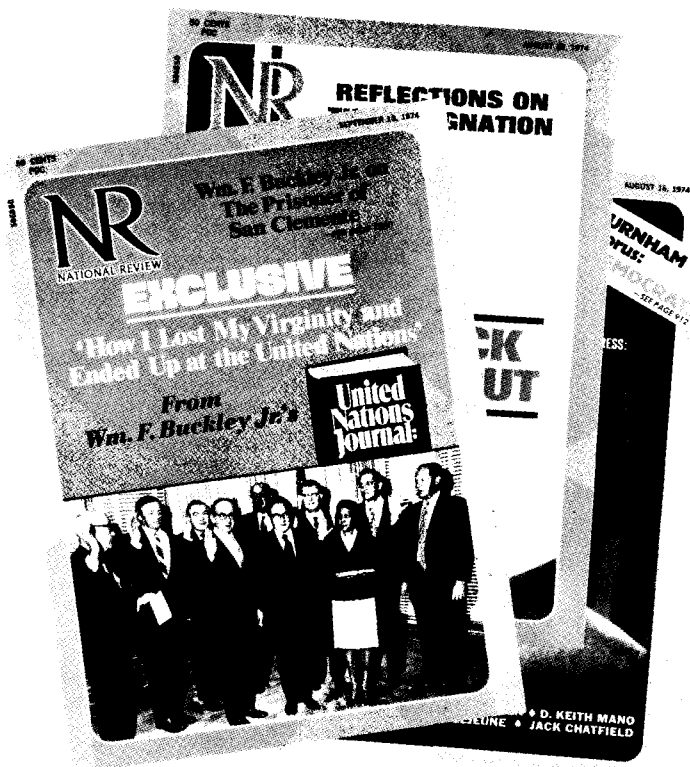
IN *The Parallax View*, screenwriters David Giler and Lorenzo Semple Jr. are the true swindlers. They could have easily redeemed the movie's preposterous opening scene in the rest of the movie. Fidelity to Loren Singer's dreary novel is no excuse since they invented a whole new scenario and cast of characters for the hyped-up screen version, including the outlandish Space Needle. Obviously, they considered a cinematic cheap shot more important than credibility. And they play fast and loose with cause and effect. Giler and Semple shouldn't get away with it. *Traisons* of plot must be exposed to the light of day and a stake driven into the heart of any film that kids the intellect too much of the time. Let us now begin the autopsy of *Parallax*. We have, as you'll see, a few questions.

Persuaded that the demise of seven witnesses to the Space Needle murder cannot be coincidental, Warren Beatty, the alienated reporter, decides to investigate. A friendly ex-FBI contact provides him with two aliases—Richard Paley (a dead Vietnam veteran) and Richard Parten (a live exhibitionist once arrested in El Monte, California). If Paley is found out, Beatty can credibly claim he was merely trying to conceal his lewdness rap as Parten. Quite clever. Beatty figures he is onto something when he visits the small mountain town where one of the Space Needle witnesses "accidentally" drowned and the local sheriff tries to liquidate him. After disposing of the lawman, Beatty searches his house. He

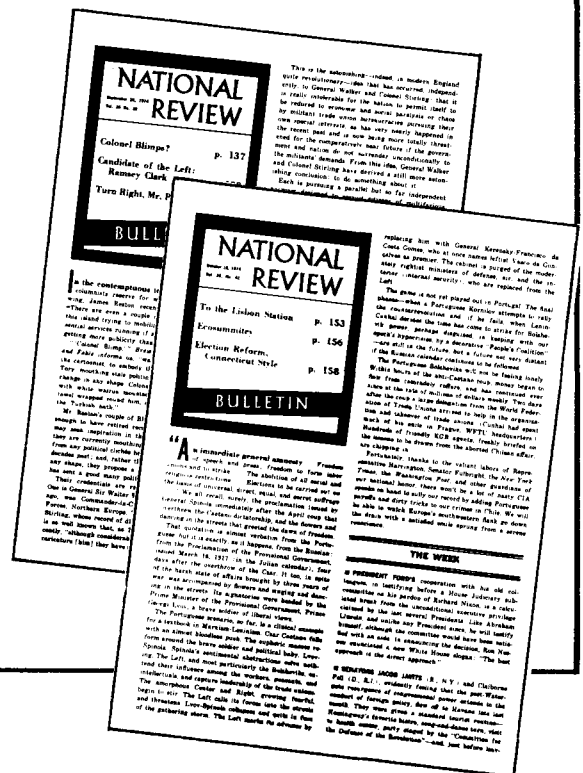


Philip Nobile is a contributing editor of Esquire. His latest book is *Intellectual Skywriting*. Lee Eisenberg is Senior Editor of Esquire.

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discovers a psychological questionnaire belonging to the Parallax Corporation—as well as a bankbook containing \$107,000. Still, Hume Cronyn, Beatty's crotchety editor back in Seattle, refuses to buy a conspiracy theory.

A FORMER aide to the assassinated senator also wishes Beatty would quit nosing around. What happened on the Space Needle is no mystery to him. He shows Beatty a photo of the two waiters standing together with himself in the background. *Question: Why don't the police have this incriminating evidence? If newspaper photographers took pictures, wouldn't the police have easy access to them? And if not, why not? It never comes up.* The photo means nothing to Beatty, but the aide realizes it's his death sentence. Two attempts have been made on his life already, so won't Beatty please disappear? Their seaborne discussion is cut short by an explosion on the aide's yacht. Although Beatty survives the shipwreck, he prefers to keep his escape a secret. Editor Cronyn conspires with Beatty to print the reporter's obituary and supports his covert penetration of the Parallax Corporation. *Question: Covert? With that face? Beatty never bothered to adopt the slightest disguise while underground, not even a cheap red wig. This means that Parallax had plenty of opportunities to view his fabulous face and should have been on the lookout for it. The bureau doubtless saw Beatty on the aide's yacht, or in the photograph that presumably ran with the reporter's obituary, and during its research into the Space Needle witnesses (Beatty was there too). Yet no one at Parallax was struck by the resemblance between the dead reporter and this live applicant.*

While casing the company's Los Angeles office, Beatty spots the other waiter in the photograph. He watches him stuff a suspicious suitcase into his car and then head for the airport. Beatty takes the flight the waiter appears to have boarded. But the only familiar face on the plane is that of the dead senator's successor. Rather than blow his cover, Beatty coolly warns of the suitcase bomb via an anonymous napkin message to a stewardess.

Next Beatty infiltrates Parallax by scoring high on the bureau's aptitude test and convinces them of his career



potential as an assassin. But there is the matter of the Richard Paley alias—Parallax has discovered that the real Paley is dead. It asks Beatty to either explain or join the perpetually unemployed. *Question: How come this crack outfit never before divined the connections among the Richard Paley alias he used in the mountains, on the aborted plane, and when registering with Parallax?* Apparently the exhibitionist routine doesn't work. For the ubiquitous waiter from Parallax serves Cronyn a hemlock sandwich forthwith and purloins a tape of Parallax conversations sent to him by Beatty. *Question: How in blazes does Parallax learn that editor Cronyn is in cahoots with Beatty?* Sure, maybe it tapped his phone. Maybe it broke into his wife. Maybe it planted a bug in his pickle. Maybe a million things. The film gives no clue to how Parallax found out about Cronyn's involvement.

The next day Parallax informs Beatty that he has been accepted into the agency. He should proceed to a hotel to meet the other member of his first assassination team. Whoops! This guy turns out to be the deputy of the sheriff he dispatched in the mountains. Luckily, Beatty recognizes him in the lobby. Over the house phone he fakes the deputy into a wild-goose chase to Hawaii. A close call and plenty of laughs.

Then Beatty bumps into the waiter again outside the Parallax building and tails him to the rafters of a large L.A. auditorium. Beatty thinks he's stumbled onto another assassination because a campaign rehearsal for the electoral

opponent of the dead senator's successor is going on below. Actually, the Parallax gang is watching his every move. A shot rings out nailing the senatorial hopeful. *Question: Why would a necessarily low-profile assassination bureau attempt the spectacular murders of two senators and one aspirant from the same state? And why, come to think of it, does it go after any one of them in the first place? Motive is never an issue in The Parallax View.* Inexplicably, the assassin throws down his rifle and splits. Suddenly, Beatty senses a setup. *Question: If Parallax intends to frame Beatty, how can they be sure he'll oblige by showing up in the auditorium simultaneously with the victim? After all, haven't they just diverted him to a hotel meeting with the deputy? If Beatty hadn't finessed the deputy, the two would have created an embarrassing ruckus at the hotel and thereby compromised the company.* Squeezed between the cops and the retreating killers, he runs for the exit door. Boom! Beatty is dead and Parallax is off the hook. The last witness has been eliminated. *Question: What if Beatty hadn't panicked in the rafters? Parallax would have been up the creek. Why would they take such a gamble? Also, notwithstanding the set-up, Beatty has a solid alibi—he has no idea Cronyn is dead. His fingerprints aren't on the murder gun and his handwriting is on the airplane warning note. Reason demands that he surrender to the police and put Parallax out of commission with his story.* For the finale, a shady government commission like the one that whitewashed the Space Needle assassination accuses poor Beatty of revenging the senator by murdering the man he insanely believed was responsible for the senator's unhappy termination.

AND IF all these questions aren't enough, there's still a final question: What kind of movie is *The Parallax View* trying to be? Its grim portrayal of officially sanctioned assassination certifies our paranoia and suggests America wake up to some awful Truths. But with its barroom brawling, comic chase, and Beatty's cutesy-pie cleverness, *Parallax* begs to be remembered as a slapstick Western, updated. Unassailable logic? Honest intrigue? For our money we'll take Alfred Hitchcock. □

BOOKS

Clearing Away the Rubbish

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

There has been a great wailing on the Left in late years about "the establishment's" uncanny abilities to coopt the most potent of the radical-liberal postures and crusades and hence unman their proponents. Needless to say, such complaints take no notice of the processes whereby perfectly sound and conservative causes, with whose ethos Rotarians and Peorians have for years been acquainted, are embalmed in silly ideologies by idiot movie actors, Lincoln Center maestros, talk-show Socrateses, wives of social climbers for whom radical chic pinch-hits for the Social Register, double-knit politicians, and professors with community college intellects. Seventy years ago conservation was made a special preserve of the Rough Riders; forty years ago the squire of Hyde Park entrusted it to the alphabet agencies and their flunkies. Today the fate of the environment, so it is currently suggested, rests mainly in the laps of swamis, Jainists, Oriental studies majors, and underdeveloped peoples whose metaphysics parades itself pretty much *au naturel*.

It is upon this rank jungle growth of luxuriant idiocy that Mr. Passmore descends to employ himself, in the words of Locke, "as an underlaborer in clearing ground a little and removing some of the rubbish that lies in the way to knowledge." He believes that ecological problems will be solved "only by the joint efforts of scientists, technologists, economists, statesmen, administrators," and hence has limited himself to blasting romantic fallacies and pointing up practical possibilities, rather than formulating elaborate solutions. And, inasmuch as the pundits are currently suggesting that we must look to non-Western philosophies and traditions for solutions, Passmore devotes much space to proving that such suggestions are not only fallacious in themselves but are also major obstacles to our success in coping with the natural environment. His principal intention is always "to consider whether the solution of ecological problems demands a moral or a metaphysical revolution."

His considered answer is that it does not: that what we need, in the main, "is not so much a new ethic as a more general adherence to a perfectly familiar ethic." Much of the ecological de-

struction we have wrought is due to the operations of human greed, an attribute unlikely to be defended outside an Ayn Rand newsletter. It is simply not true, Passmore argues, that Western culture rests solely upon precepts of rapacious homocentricity. Although he agrees with those critics of Christianity who charge that the Christian tradition "has encouraged man to think of himself as nature's absolute master, for whom everything that exists was designed,"



*Man's Responsibility for Nature:
Ecological Problems and Western
Traditions*

By John Passmore

Scribner's, 213 pp., \$7.95

Passmore nevertheless points to the gradual development over the past couple of centuries of a "Linnaean" view of man in nature that has gradually modified the Graeco-Christian concept of a world in which *Homo sapiens* bears license to warp, twist, mold, and subdue the vegetable, animal, and mineral worlds at his pleasure and to the greater glory of God. Even if Western man has hitherto revered only human life, Passmore sees contemporary signs of his extension of that sense of reverence to all living things. Yet he is in profound agreement with the Stoic belief that to treat landscapes, plants, and animals as persons and to accord them that exclusively human attribute of possessing "rights" is to render impossible the civilization of the world.

PASSMORE's chief fear in the face of the so-called ecological crisis is that the enormity of our ecological problems—pollution, overpopulation, the extinction of species, the exhaustion of natural resources essential to civilization as we know it—in combination with the availability of oversophisticated techniques for wielding social, political, and physical control over one another is likely to cause us to adopt solutions by Stalins bearing pistols and sociology doctorates. Civilization is the one thing that humanity, by its presence, adds to the sum of the world's excellences: there is consequently nothing to be gained by preserving civilization from ecological disaster if civilization is to be grotesquely warped by its saviors in the process. The West has always believed in "solutions": but in the present case, Passmore suggests, we must begin by assuming that an ecological problem is a thing not to be removed but at best ameliorated.

We are not morally required to turn our world upside down, to sacrifice its values, its morals, its traditions, in the interests of a future world whose own needs and values we cannot ascertain: the most that we can expect of ourselves is that we act in such a way as to ensure that the world we pass on to our progeny is a measurably better one than was left us by our progenitors. That is to say, we owe it to future generations to husband our natural resources and in other ways to defy Jesus' injunction to take no heed for the morrow—but not, in so doing, to defy our own most revered principles. Thus Passmore, after considering the population explosion, advocates merely the adoption of state policies providing incentives to small families; no doubt governments will eventually be forced, should even the more optimistic growth predictions be realized, to take far more drastic and dictatorial measures, but such measures are matters with which our successors must concern themselves.

Passmore is aware that the contemporary pro-ecology movement has, in its more colorfully fashionable manifestations, frequently been called upon to do double duty as a tactical weapon against Western bourgeois capitalism. After noting that the Marxist catechism, as a highly materialistic force, has been vastly detrimental to all of the values ecologists hold dear and that the Soviet Union has compiled for itself, in its dealings with nature, a generally impeachable record, he passes on to the observations that *a)* all commercial societies have been free societies; *b)* all free societies have built upon liberal-democratic sills; and *c)* these societies are everywhere proven to be more responsive to the woes of the citizenry and its habitat than are the autocratic hives operating beyond the pale of Western political tradition.

IT IS TO THIS deeply ingrained political flexibility that the West owes its rich cultural achievements. "The modern West . . . leaves more options open than most other societies; its traditions, intellectual, political, moral, are complex, diversified, and fruitfully discordant. That gives it the capacity to grow, to change; it nurtures within itself the seeds of innumerable revolutions." Passmore, it rapidly becomes clear, is not a cultural relativist. If his opinions offend the sort of person who pleads

the existence of other "value systems," he asks, what values? Southeast Asia, be it remembered, is importing Fiats and Fords; neither the United States nor Western Europe is importing ox-carts. Even our much maligned materialism titillates transcultural erogenous zones.

This Passmore, in short, is a Western chauvinist of the most revolting stripe. How did he get that way? (He is, it appears, Australian, and hence no doubt has rabbit blood in his veins.) His presumption that ecology is a serious scientific discipline rather than, in the words of Mr. Theodore Roszak, "a new science in which the object of knowledge will be rather like the poet's beloved; something to be contemplated but not analyzed, something that is permitted to retain its mysteries," sent me around the corner to the Eastern lady who keeps her window open on the first floor.

Om!

□

The Unknown Leonardo

Edited by Ladislao Reti

McGraw-Hill, 319 pp., \$34.95
until Jan. 1, 1975; then \$39.95

STILL UNKNOWN

RUTH BERENSON

The greatness and universality of that quintessential Renaissance man, Leonardo da Vinci, artist, engineer, inventor, visionary, are known to millions of people who would be hard put to remember anything he actually did—except, perhaps, paint that standby of pop culture, *Mona Lisa*. Some grandparents may also recall the chromolithographs of his *Last Supper*, which drearily adorned the walls of their Sunday school classrooms; others may recollect that he dreamed of airplanes and submarines centuries before they were invented. But even in his own lifetime, Leonardo's name was more widely known than his achievements.

This is because these were so often flawed or fragmentary. Primarily a painter, he produced few pictures: Bernard Berenson lists a mere 18 as surviving, of which three are unfinished, and the authorship of at least one is questioned by most other critics. The *Last Supper*, in which he experimented with

a tempera technique that proved wholly unsuited to wall painting, had become a wreck centuries before it was damaged by bombs in World War II; today, despite painstaking scientific restoration, it gives barely a hint of its original appearance. Leonardo's most ambitious work, the *Battle of Anghiari*, literally slid off the walls of Florence's Palazzo Vecchio a few years after it was painted; we know it only through preparatory drawings and a few, probably inaccurate, copies, as is the case with numerous paintings highly praised by Leonardo's contemporaries. His work as the sculptor of what would have been the largest equestrian statue ever cast in bronze is also wholly lost to us (though large bronzes are still cast according to the methods he devised), and so are his numerous engineering and architectural projects. His sole literary legacy, the *Treatise on Painting*, is only a compilation of various writings that a pupil put together out of manuscripts left unfinished by their author. Indeed, except for the precious paintings, all we have from Leonardo's own hand are the notebooks and manuscripts where he recorded his ideas; there were 18 of these when he died, but today only seven are left. Thus it is hardly surprising that few nonscholars can claim more than a nodding acquaintance with Leonardo.

The Unknown Leonardo is based on two manuscripts which have long been known to exist (they once belonged to Philip V of Spain) but which disappeared sometime around 1830 and were presumed lost. Their rediscovery in the National Library of Madrid in 1965—the original cataloguer, in an all too human error, had forgotten to transcribe the first digit of their call numbers, though they had been correctly shelved all along—has revealed hitherto unsuspected aspects of Leonardo's inquiring mind which the editor, the late Ladislao Reti, a noted Vincian scholar, has asked various specialists to elucidate. *The Unknown Leonardo* is, therefore, a collection of disparate, highly technical essays dealing mainly

Chilton Williamson Jr. is an editor at *St. Martin's Press*. . . . **Ruth Berenson** is *NR's* art editor. . . . **Edwin M. Yoder Jr.** is editor of the editorial page of the *Greensboro Daily News*. . . . **Benjamin J. Stein** also reviews for the *Wall Street Journal*.

RANDOM NOTES

■ **JUST OUT:** Believe it or not, *The World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson* runs over 600 pages and sets you back a cool \$60 (N.Y. Graphic). . . . *Remembering James Agee* is a collection of profiles by his friends (Louisiana State, \$8.95). . . . Another life of *Winston Churchill*, this by Henry Pelling (Dutton, \$12.95). . . . Nicholas Bethell's *The Last Secret* underscores Solzhenitsyn, spells out how Roosevelt and Churchill turned over two million victims to Stalin (Basic, \$8.95). . . . Carol Berkin looks at the other side of the Bicentennial in *Jonathan Sewell: Odyssey of an American Loyalist* (Columbia, \$10.95). For the same publisher, John Hohenberg surveys six decades of *The Pulitzer Prizes* (\$14.95). . . . Twenty short story writers pick favorites from their own work in *Writer's Choice* (McKay, \$9.95). Amaury de Riencourt surveys *Sex and Power in History* for the same house (\$12.95). . . . *The Appian Way, a Journey* is an illustrated tour of the ancient highway by Dora Jane Hamblin and Mary Jane Grunsfeld (Random, \$10).

■ **CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.** Viking bids for a corner on the market with these illustrated coffee table volumes: *The Victorians* (\$19.95); José Gudiol's *Velazquez* (\$45); Raymond Rudorff's *Knights and the Age of Chivalry* (\$16.95); Martin

Fido's *Rudyard Kipling* (\$14.95); Adrian Johnson's *America Explored* (\$32.50); F. L. Wilder's *Sporting Prints* (\$37.50); a medieval Flemish illumination, *The Grimani Breviary* (\$75 to Jan. 1, then \$100); *The Houses of Ireland* by Brian de Breffny and Rosemary ffolliot, with photographs by George Mott (\$16.95); David and Tamara Talbot Rice's *Icons and Their History* (\$27.95 to Jan. 1, then \$35); *Degas: The Complete Engravings, Lithographs, and Monotypes* by Jean Adhemar and Françoise Cachin (\$32.50); Boyd Norton's *The Grand Teton* (\$14.95); and Derek Jarrett's *England in the Age of Hogarth* (\$15). . . . Matthew Baigell collects paintings of the Thirties for *The American Scene* (\$29.50) and Randolph Carter recreates *The World of Flo Ziegfeld* (\$14.95; both Praeger). . . . Slim Aarons photographs homes and favorite spas of the Very Rich in *A Wonderful Time* (Harper, \$35).

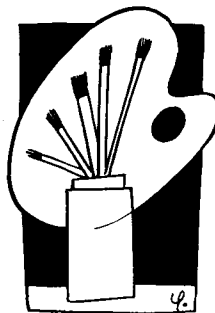
And from Putnam: *The American Navies in the Revolutionary War* by Nowland Van Powell (\$20) and *The Exploration of North America 1630-1776* by W. P. Cumming, S. Hillier, D. B. Quinn, and G. Williams (\$30). . . . Two from Watson-Guptill recapture the Golden Age of Illustration: *James Montgomery Flagg* by Susan E. Meyer and J. C. Leyendecker by Michael Schau (both \$27.50). . . . Holt is pushing Dee Brown's *The Westerners* (\$17.95), Anthony Dent's *The Horse* (\$25), and *Callas* by John Ardoin and Gerald Fitzgerald (\$27.50).

with Leonardo's researches in music, mechanics, clockmaking, and visual perception; it will be of great interest to experts in these fields. But it is not, as the average book buyer might be led to believe from its title, its poundage, and its lavish, Christmas-oriented format, a coherent account of Leonardo's art and thought. Apparently the publishers hoped to recoup the losses inevitably attendant on any scholarly book by giving it the jazzy packaging pioneered by *Life* magazine in its *The Age of This, The Mysterious World of That* series.

THE OPENING pages are devoted to one of those synchronistic chronologies, full of thumbnail illustrations, correlating the main events of Leonardo's life with contemporary, often quite irrelevant, happenings. This might have been helpful had it been followed by at least a brief narrative account; instead, the reader is asked to cope with a rather idiosyncratic analysis of Leonardo "The Painter" by Anna Maria Brizio which

assumes that the reader is as familiar with the artist's career as she is. The other authors follow suit.

The book's designer, Emil M. Bühner, given equal billing with Professor Reti on the title page, has compounded the confusion by his often arbitrary selection and placement of illustrations. The great, unfinished *Adoration of the Magi* in the Uffizi is allotted only a tiny space in the aforementioned chronology, plus a small blowup detail later on; throughout, the reproductions are enlarged or reduced with no indication of their original dimensions. It would seem that Mr. Bühner was more concerned with pizzazz than with composing a book whose text and pictures complement each other. The resulting volume serves neither scholar nor amateur.



Recent years have witnessed enormous strides in Leonardo scholarship, to which the essays in this work are a valuable addition. One hopes that before long someone will utilize these new insights for a full length, detailed re-evaluation of the Leonardo who still, nearly 500 years after his death, and despite the publication of *The Unknown Leonardo*, remains unknown. □

The Infernal Grove: Chronicles of Wasted Time: Number 2

By Malcolm Muggeridge

Morrow, 280 pp., \$7.95

A CONNOISSEUR OF VARIETY

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

Like his first "chronicle of wasted time," which delivered Mr. Muggeridge in a state of disillusionment with nearly everything to the doorstep of the Thirties, *The Infernal Grove* is a further installment in mirthful woe. As our knight of the doleful countenance approaches middle age he finds himself condemned as a "moral leper" by ex-associates on the Left because of his views on the Soviet Union. His satirical novel about Manchester journalism is suppressed on the threat of a libel suit. The opening pages find him working as a high-level propaganda man at the League of Nations, but reflecting on its vanities. Indeed, the completion of its symbolic Palais des Nations, a few years later, would coincide with the Armageddon of 1939: "While Hitler's armies were actually roaring into Poland from the west . . . the League was in session in its new premises, discussing—the codification of level-crossing signs."

It is the Muggeridge trademark, this dry chuckle of easy cynicism. At the picaresque autobiography, whizzing from scene to scene, Muggeridge is almost unbeatable. He has been fortunate; his adventures are real adventures. The centerpiece here is an account of his wartime years as a member of British Intelligence, MI-5, in Mozambique and France. His contributions as an agent, which are rendered with verve and wit, were minor but not contemptible.

It was in steamy Mozambique, rather unaccountably, that Muggeridge decided one day to attempt suicide. He would swim out to sea and not come back. There is no reason to doubt that the episode occurred, although the suicide attempt is a literary convention almost *de rigueur* in recent English autobiography. The prototype is Evelyn Waugh's decision to vanish into the North Sea, from which he was speedily discouraged, so he says in *A Little Learning*, by the sting of a jellyfish. Muggeridge is at least honest: "The next day I took the precaution of reporting to London, giving the impression that I had gone through the motions of trying to drown myself as a deliberate ruse to delude Wertz [a German agent] into thinking I had completely lost heart. In the end I began to wonder whether, after all, it had been a ruse."

IF MUGGERIDGE himself is not sure what is ruse and what is not, that goes double for his readers. He is a master reporter; but the obligato of commentary is elusive in its melody. It is as difficult to ascertain Muggeridge's real moods—assuming, as we must, that he takes things a bit more seriously than he lets on—as it is to see the real expression of a cartwheeling circus clown. Does the painted grin conceal a grimace? The painted frown, a relish of the human folly he professes to deplore? One cannot be sure. Here is an observer, somewhat reminiscent of Orwell, whom creeds make edgy—and to just the degree that they intoxicate their devotees. Journalism, war, espionage, peacemaking, literary lions—all pass in caustic review. But the flaw of this ironic posture is that the self-disclosure, when it comes, rings a jarring and incongruous note. For instance, Muggeridge suddenly reveals the propensities of a mystic. He has had visions when all creation seemed "one sublime harmony with no place for the discordancies of hatred and the ego's shrill demands . . ." But this is no mystic's book: and one finds oneself reflecting that mystics must be in such short supply that Muggeridge feels no compulsion to render this revelation with his usual irony.

An autobiographer is under no obligation to get somewhere, to give a Big Picture. His is a free form, like blank verse. The ironic posture makes for high amusement, but also for a book of

transitory value, one reading of which is quite enough. Here is no Rousseau but a connoisseur of variety, committed to noncommitment, resolved for irresolution, absolute for relativism. Muggeridge somewhere ruefully notes the status of his effigy at Madame Tussaud's waxworks, "in a room between Twiggy and the Burtons, with a massive de Gaulle staring down on the four of us."

There is justice in the arrangement. □

The New Economics One Decade Older

By James Tobin

Princeton, 105 pp., \$6.50

SURPRISED BY EVENTS

ALAN REYNOLDS

Nearly three decades have passed since someone coined the phrase "new economics" to describe some ideas which were hardly new even then. By the 1960s, the "new" economics had hardened into an oppressive orthodoxy which generated, in Tobin's words, "enthusiasm and self-confidence" among believers. Central to the faith was the notion that government deficit spending could stimulate a chronically sluggish economy until the unemployment rate hit 4 per cent, at which point we might have to trade higher inflation rates for lower unemployment rates.

But now there is dissent. The "monetarist tide," says Tobin, "is eroding the intellectual support of the new economics in the economics profession itself, the Federal Reserve, the banking and financial community, and the press." As a result, "the profession has lost confidence in its own premises and methods." It just isn't fun to be a new economist anymore. Too many people think your newness is old-fashioned.

Deficit spending, according to the monetarist challengers, eventually crowds out private spending: people buy government bonds rather than private securities and goods. In attempting to peddle government bonds, interest rates may be bid up, as the

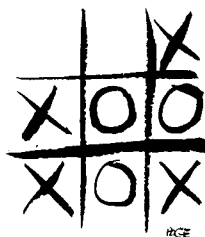
Keynesians insist, but not by enough to induce people to hold a significantly smaller fraction of their income in the form of money for very long. The unemployment rate, say the monetarists, tends toward a normal rate determined by the size and duration of unemployment benefits, the time needed to acquire information about job opportunities, minimum wage laws, and so on. An unexpected increase in inflation can reduce the unemployment rate for only a short time, by tricking laborers and lenders into accepting less real compensation than they think they are getting. A change in the money supply, according to the monetarists, affects all markets and prices, not just the market for securities and "the" interest rate. Although such an increase in the money supply may depress interest rates briefly, this is soon reversed as lenders demand compensation for the resulting inflation.

PROFESSOR Tobin's response to all this is roughly as follows:

1. Because the Federal Reserve usually tinkers with interest rates and lets the money supply go its merry way, monetarist statisticians need an explanation of what changes the money supply—they "have no right" to treat it as determined by outside forces. This is largely irrelevant. To say that A affects B does not refute the proposition that B (money) affects C (income). Besides, there are several elaborate studies of the determinants of the money supply. To question properly the device of treating the money supply as "given" in any particular study, one would have to show statistically that this practice generates less accurate predictions than some alternative.

2. Monetarists are "fuzzy and fickle," says Tobin, about whether or not to include savings deposits in the definition of money. This problem arises because the legal ceiling on interest rates induces erratic shifts between savings accounts, checking accounts, and various assets which are not readily spendable. If the Fed did not put ceilings on the interest earnings of small savers, the principal measures of the money supply would move together.

3. "Logically the strong monetarist propositions cannot stand up if velocity [the rate at which money changes hands] is sensitive to interest rates," says Tobin; "for if fiscal policy . . . can raise interest rates and velocity, they



can raise nominal GNP without any monetary expansion." Fiscal policy, on this argument, is expansionary (i.e., will raise output or prices) if it raises interest rates and thus makes it costly to hoard cash. Monetary policy, in the Keynesian scheme, is expansionary if it lowers interest rates and thus encourages borrowing for investment. That is, to stimulate the economy the government should both raise and lower interest rates. Fortunately, this ambiguity arises only within the twisted logic of the Keynesian system, which confuses money with credit and allows extra cash to be spent only on bonds—thus eliminating any direct link between money and spending. Moreover, Tobin never really comes to grips with the vital distinction between real and nominal interest rates. Real interest rates—adjusted for inflation—are remarkably stable, regardless of fiscal and monetary policies.

4. Although "we cannot count on sustained money illusion or misperception of wage and price trends" to preserve a stable relationship between unemployment and inflation, says Tobin, "a tradeoff lasts long enough for policy-makers." You can fool most of the people some of the time, at least during election years. "Anyway," he hedges, "the eventual disutility of accelerating inflation must be weighed against the gains of employment and production in the interim." Were the gains of 1972 really worth the pains of 1973? Tobin seems to think so. He applauds the recent "active fiscal and monetary policies . . . liberated from extraneous taboos," and claims that "inflation is greatly exaggerated as a social evil."

NOT to accept the essentials of monetarism today is to be continually surprised by events. Keynesians have failed to predict even the *direction* of change in economic activity in 1946, 1953, 1958, 1967, 1969, and 1973. They were uniformly incredulous when Milton Friedman wrote, in May 1972, that "we are now poised for a renewed acceleration of inflation . . . the worst is yet to come." No matter how many times the Keynesian theory fails to perform, the attitude is that the theory is correct, so the world must have gone wrong.

Professor Tobin is more successful against the crossfire from the Left. The notion that defense spending is merely a gadget to alleviate chronic unemploy-

ment is refuted by logic (taxes don't create jobs), and by charting changes in defense spending and matching them with actual international crises. The quixotic "zero growth" buffs are properly chastised (how would we stop technology?), but there is a cryptic and unfair reference to "the inhibitions on prosperity and progress proposed by the monetarists." And Tobin dismisses too lightly the "ridiculous" charge that "liberation from the balanced budget fetish frees political leaders to spend for Vietnam wars as well as for Great Societies, without the test of taxpayer approval."

The book contains some sensible reforms to make fiscal and monetary policies more effective, including the use of government securities which offer a real rate of return, adjusted for inflation. There are also some inside views of the Kennedy Administration, from one who served on the Council of Economic Advisors at that time. President Kennedy's economic views, we learn, were "mostly conservative," "very simplistic," and characterized by "timidity." Considering the inflationary legacy of the new economics, Tobin's description speaks very well for JFK. □

FICTION

The Death of the Detective

By Mark Smith

Knopf, 596 pp., \$8.95

MORALITY TALE WITHOUT HOPE

BENJAMIN J. STEIN

The morality tale isn't dead. But it has changed a bit. The old vices are all there—Gluttony, Lust, Pride—but the good characters are missing. In their place are various new characters—paranoid delusions, advanced dementia, and other mental confusions. When they struggle with the old villains, there are no winners. Instead, new hybrids of insanity with evil are created and flourish.

The Death of the Detective by Mark Smith is prototypical of this kind of winnerless, heroless story of ruin and degradation. Although the story line eddies off into little deep pools, each

one of which could fill up several years of an X-rated soap opera, it is basically straightforward. Frazer Farquarson, a wealthy industrialist, lies dying in an estate on Chicago's North Shore and rambles about his sins, then dies. Helenowski, an escapee from a mental hospital, who thinks he is Death, stalks



the dying man and may or may not have succeeded in killing him. Arnold Magnuson, a former policeman, now retired head of a huge detective agency, the Magnuson Men, arises from a deep melancholia to try to catch the presumed killer.

SO THE story begins, in a low keyed, intricate style. But the story changes gears quite abruptly and the reader who had been waltzing through the Viennese palace of the beginning of the book dances down a corridor to find a room filled with bloody cadavers where the champagne was supposed to be. It is difficult to think of a scene anywhere in modern literature that is as terrifying as the scene in this book where the detective discovers that the killer has butchered an entire farm family and their livestock. The descriptions simply freeze the blood.

But the story is not fundamentally a horror story in any way as superficial as bloody murder. It is a horror story about the menace of everyday life. It is a morality tale without any hope. The title is not apt. A better title might have been *The Disintegration of the Detective*. Because the detective, a highly moralistic man, is gradually stripped, layer by layer, of any feeling that he has anything in common with any other living being, or that indeed there is any place left for him on earth. That is the fundamental story.

At every turn, the detective is confronted with the evidence that his world has changed and that the absolutes by which he set his course have vanished and have been replaced by mocking, cruel apparitions. Seeking to discover

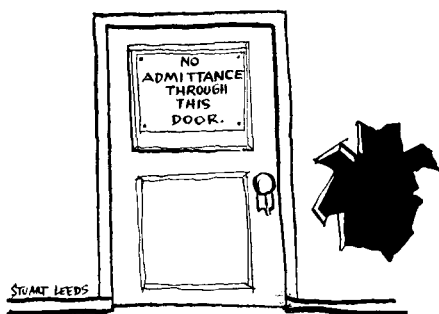
his youth, he returns to the Chicago neighborhood where he grew up. He cannot even recognize his own apartment. When he tries to visit a friend, a drunken woman curses at him. As he lounges at his plush club, in the Loop, a message is delivered to him which anonymously accuses him of ghastly crimes. He feels the accusations are somehow insane yet true.

WHEN HE sets out after the murderer, he takes his prized antique Duesenberg. It simply was not built to run on super-highways, and on a wet, half finished stretch of road in the suburbs of Chicago, the car gives up the ghost. Like the detective, the car was built for another time. Like the car, when the detective comes up against the demands of real life, he simply falls apart.

And the demands the author sees as made upon human life are truly frightening. The detective visits people and a few minutes later they are murdered. He goes down quiet streets and is confronted with gangs of tough youths. In a formerly familiar bar he is accosted and choked. Nothing is familiar to him and everything is threatening.

Meanwhile the other people in the book reach out for sex or money or the gratification of lunatic desires without the slightest trace of redemption in their motives. No one does anything except from animalism, low greed, or derangement.

The mad killer sets in motion a train of events which leads to killings of people far removed from the lunatic's consciousness. Those murders in turn lead to more killing. Each killing is



cruel and unnecessary. Meanwhile men and women struggle for some semblance of comfort and companionship with each other, but find nothing but sweaty duplicity and emptiness. The fixed poles of even the most secure people vanish into the moral quicksand that underlies the entire novel.

In the end, many people are dead, and the detective is left alone, naked with only his realization that even he acted crazily and cannot exist in a world without any guideposts, without even internal guideposts.

As a thoroughly depressing story of the nastiness of life, *The Death of the Detective* is unequaled. But that is not to take away from the book's power. To achieve this level of bleakness is not a small achievement. The writing is graphic and powerful, and if the message is grim, the medium is lively. It has a visual, throbbing quality that keeps a reader alert and impressed. If you want to be driven to despair elegantly, try the blood-stained limousine of Mark Smith's *The Death of the Detective*. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HISTORICAL ENIGMAS, by Hugh Ross Williamson (St. Martin's, 377 pp., \$8.95). Here is just the book for readers who combine an appetite for history with an addiction to detective novels. Although Mr. Williamson sometimes wanders a bit far in pursuit of a bizarre theory, his analysis of the murder of the Princes in the Tower (not by the much maligned Richard III, but, rather, by his Tudor rival, Henry VII), the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey (by Whigs eager to foment public hysteria, rather than by Jesuits), the bigamy and divorce of George IV, along with 17 other historical puzzles ranging in time from 1100 to 1821, makes for pleasant reading and good mental exercise on the part of amateur sleuths. Most of the contents in this volume originally appeared in the 1950s, and were the subject of a delightful series of BBC radio lectures that brought colorful history to a wide audience. It is good to see Mr. Williamson back in print again, with fresh additions—incisive, irrelevant, logical, and as free of doctrinaire cant as ever. Easy to dip in and out of, and the perfect volume to take on a short holiday or long weekend.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

MCAUSLAN IN THE ROUGH, by George MacDonald Fraser (Knopf, 209 pp., \$6.95). "See, Fletcher, Ah'm no sae dumb. No' me. Who answered the man's hypodermical question, hey? Wisnae you, oh no, an' wisnae Forbes, or Darkie—" "Ach, sharrup braggin', McAuslan. It's aboot the only thing you ever kent in yer life—an' a dam' silly question, too." To which Private McAuslan retorts, conclusively:

"Youse arenae intelleckshull." Right on! McAuslan, no intelleckshull to be sure, and the scurviest, simplest, most accident-prone Highlander that ever were. If you can wade through the dialect (after a while it becomes sport), eight masterly comic stories await. Creator of Flashman, literature's greatest cad, Fraser peoples his splendidly crafted stories of a Scots regiment in North Africa and Scotland in the Forties with memorable characters: his alter ego, Lieutenant MacNeil; the Colonel, whose moments of sagacity match the expectable overdose of bravado; the Padre, who golfs in a jersey embroidered for him by the "market mam-mies" of some St. Andrew's Kirk in West Africa, with his name in scarlet on the front and the Church of Scotland emblem on the back; and best of all, McA. himself, the ambulating disaster case, focal point of these parfit gentil tales. Sno' bloudy fair, so it's no', to us duffers, the way this Fraser fella writes.

DAVID MACBRUDNOY

ALL ABOUT BASEBALL, by Leonard Koppett (Quadrangle, 400 pp., \$9.95). Koppett isn't kidding. This book, a revised and enlarged edition of his *Thinking Man's Guide to Baseball*, covers everything from hitting and pitching to peanuts and crack-erjacks. The first section, "The Game on the Field," has a fascinating discussion of hitting. Major league hitters, Koppett says, talk about practically every aspect of hitting but only rarely discuss the fundamental factor involved: the fear of being hit by the ball. They get to the majors by pushing the fear aside, although they never completely overcome it. No wonder. Major league pitchers can throw a ball at close to 100 mph, and at least one of them, Nolan Ryan, has exceeded that speed. Koppett seems to agree with Ted Williams that hitting is the most difficult act in all sports. But pitching is the most important element in the game. The various pitches are carefully explained, as well as the way they are thrown. The greatest pitcher of all time? Walter Johnson, who pitched for the hapless Washington Senators from around 1910 to 1925. Of the modern pitchers, Sandy Koufax comes close, but he was brilliant for a relatively short time. There was one man who might have surpassed Johnson, but he stopped pitching seriously when he was 24. At age 24 Johnson had 82 victories; the other man, Babe Ruth, had 89. Unfortunately, after telling us all about hitting and pitching, stealing and managing, Koppett spends too much time in the last two sections talking about the rubbing table, the press box, greedy owners, and the guys who sell the hot dogs. The girl who wants to be the star of her Little League team shouldn't find much of value after the first section.

KEVIN LYNCH

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

DICK YOUNG:

[Yankee] Owner Gets Off With Fine.

George Steinbrenner contributed illegally, to Republicans and Democrats alike, including one that should draw an ironic smile: Senator Inouye, Democrat, of Hawaii, a name you may remember from the successful television soap opera entitled, "Will Watergate Spoil Richard M. Nixon?"

LETTERS

(Continued from page 1271)

in Memphis go miles to get non-fluoridated water and then make iced tea with it!

Those shining intellectual lights at the FDA banned cyclamates as the result of a *single, unscientific* experiment that no one has been able to repeat: cyclamate implanted into the wall of a mouse's bladder produced cancer. I suggest that a piece of roast pork would, under the same conditions, contribute very little to the welfare of the mouse.

Memphis, Tenn. FRANK L. ROBERTS, M.D.

Evel and George

Next to Evel Knievel's Snake River extravaganza, possibly the most audacious feat of the past few weeks has been George Will's attempt [Sept. 13] to bridge the chasm that separates Nelson Rockefeller from the conservative community. Not surprisingly, Will, like Knievel, doesn't quite make it.

First of all, anyone who considers the Ford Administration "conservative" is using awfully abstruse criteria. Second, Rockefeller was hardly plucked from the minor leagues to serve as a mere ticket balancer or palace flunkie. Not quite. Mr. Ford has long been an admirer of Rockefeller and he chose him with the blessing (and probably at the urging) of Melvin Laird and Henry Kissinger—two of the men on whom Mr. Ford relies most heavily. Rockefeller's influence on executive staff assignments will probably be considerable and—judging from the makeup of his Commission on Critical Choices for America—there won't be many conservatives among his recommendations.

Another curious aspect of Mr. Will's column is the implication that Rockefeller has somehow been rendered harmless. Lest Rockefeller's ascent to the Presidency seem farfetched, just remember that four of the last six Presidents also served as Vice Presidents, and three of them ascended to the Presidency in mid-term.

Mr. Will sees Rockefeller's nomination as a "gesture"—Mr. Ford's most impor-

tant gesture—to the Left. Maybe. But it has been a succession of just such gestures that has begun to cost Mr. Ford support on his right flank. Some of the more militant conservative Republicans are even beginning to talk privately about a "gesture" of their own: opposing Mr. Ford for the nomination in 1976.

Washington, D.C. JAMES C. ROBERTS

Capitol Hill Director
American Conservative Union

CARROLL

(Continued from page 1293)

of proportion to the large costs incurred to remove them. EPA has already issued 12 emission standards for new factories with others in the offing. Costs, however, have received only short shrift. The House Permanent Select Committee on Small Business has challenged the EPA standards, stating flatly that EPA gave inadequate consideration to the cost of achieving the proposed standard for asphalt-concrete plants.

Congress cannot get off the hook, however. Often pandering to the passions of environmental extremists, it has in the past mandated strict nationwide auto emission standards without due regard for regional differences in air quality relative to the air quality standards. The strict auto emission prohibitions that are necessary to reduce the difficult air pollution problem of Los Angeles are not at all necessary in many other regions. The 1975 interim auto emission standards for carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons and the schedule for restrictions on nitrogen oxides have been extended in the new Energy Supply and Environmental Coordination Act of 1974. Nevertheless, large auto emission reductions have already been accomplished, and a review of the auto emission standards by Congress is certainly necessary. Easy administration of environmental programs should no longer be considered sufficient excuse for tough and equal nationwide emission standards in these days of an energy problem.

If environmental quality were the only issue, everyone would undoubtedly choose the cleanest environment obtainable. Prudent environmental controls are, of course, required. The nation has learned the hard way, however, that overly harsh environmental controls have adverse side effects. The Clean Air Act has hindered the progress of our nation. Energy and the economy have been caught in the Act and it is time for a change. □



When Irish Catholics fought the good fight with Protestants — and themselves.

When the devout could peacefully hear a Latin high mass without loud disturbance by mini-skirted nuns shrieking raucous rock music to jarring guitar accompaniment.

This book has been a good seller to National Review Readers.

by TOM McHALE

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Rockefeller and the Money

On The Right

New York, Oct. 20—I don't think Rockefeller is in trouble, but the attacks on him are interesting and, to a point, even a little bracing.

The principal line of attack is on the matter of his munificence. It should be said about Rockefeller, as it might be said about the telephone company, that both have done a superb job in persuading the public that it is better off letting them alone. In the first place, to remove the Rockefeller fortune would be like removing all the warp from the American financial structure, leaving only woof. Coping with the telephone industry would be a lot easier: but you will have noticed that nobody, with the possible exception of Jane Fonda, proposes to nationalize it. This miracle has occurred by the triumph of management. Sure, here and there, there are complaints about telephone service, but on the whole, the telephone company is the friendly institution that gives you marvelous service, at relatively merciful rates.

THE ROCKEFELLERS, by the same token, very early in their training associated themselves in the public mind with—philanthropy. Their use of the Rockefeller name in connection with that philanthropy was only a little less lavish than the use of the funds themselves. True, they didn't name it the "Rockefeller Esso, E-s-s-o, Foundation," to stimulate the sales of Standard Oil. But it was hard to find a record of anonymous institutional Rockefeller benefactions. Accordingly, there hasn't been very much resentment of Rockefeller money.

That is one reason why, when now it transpires that there is a considerable degree of anonymous Rockefeller philanthropy after all, there isn't very much public shock. This has caused great indignation, though mostly in people like Anthony Lewis, who reach for indignation like plants for chlorophyll. He rages at the lack of public concern over the huge, half-million-dollar gift by Rockefeller to William Ronan, and demands to know why the same people who foraged the Nixon record for evidence of any unregistered movement of cash haven't come down

on Rockefeller, demanding an explanation.

I should think that the principal reason is that no explanation is really necessary. Now it is true that there is a hypothetical conflict of interest. That is to say, William Ronan was nominated by Rockefeller to a position (on the New York Port Authority) whence Ronan might have voted in such a way as to frustrate Governor Rockefeller. The assumption of the critics of the gift is that that gift makes the giftee eternally dependent. In fact, gifts neither make people eternally dependent nor, for that matter, eternally grateful. Almost every politician got his start as the result of the benefaction of a senior politician. This took the form sometimes of cash, other times of preferential treatment. True, there has been loyalty; sometimes it has been expressed against the public interest, as when the Kennedy brothers nominated a tame Boston judge for an advancement to which he clearly wasn't entitled. But more often than not, there is a residual independence, and I choose to think in the absence of evidence to the contrary that under certain circumstances Mr. Ronan would vote against Rockefeller in the Port Authority.

What Rockefeller does accomplish with his money is a huge extension of his personality. He is a most domineering man, and at times a highly petulant man. When he lost the nomination to Goldwater in 1964, he closed down New York for Republican presidential activity. When he lost the nomination to Nixon in 1968, he refused to let the Conservative Party put Nixon's name on their line. By refusing, he literally risked the election. I.e., the Conservative vote might have provided the marginal figure in the marginal state. Rockefeller was born to be the boss. His money makes it easier to have his way. One election back, over six million GOP dollars were spent on the race for governor of New York. This year, less than \$1 million has been spent. The difference is that last time, Rockefeller was running; this time, Rockefeller's successor is running.

But those who despair of the system

should remember this. There is only one thing Rockefeller has ever truly wanted, and all the king's horses and all the king's men haven't got it for him. So that there is room left over to suppose that Rockefeller has simply been generous with his own money. He has been so generous with the taxpayers' money, I find this datum, net, a point in his favor. □

AND ROCKEFELLER 1968

New York, Oct 26 — What used to be called shenanigans are now-

adays called foul play. And Rockefeller being in the spotlight, he is feeling the heat generated by what Spiro Agnew dubbed the post-Watergate morality. What is it, in politics, that is simply tough and ingenious and even cute? What is it that is foul play?

Suddenly I saw, coming in from the mists of yesteryear, one of Rockefeller's old fleet of campaign destroyers. Only this one was slightly older than the Goldberg book. It dated back to 1968, and here are the circumstances.

During the Miami Beach convention of the Republican Party, the *Miami Herald* carried a monstrous big ad entitled: "Memorandum to: Delegates to the Republican National Convention/ From: Black America/ Subject: The Presidential Nomination." The advertisement instructed the delegates to vote for Rockefeller—or else. "We take this opportunity to advise you that candidates with records such as Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan are not acceptable to black Americans."

The chairman of the list of 76 Negro signers was the late Mr. Louis Lomax, the Los Angeles writer, and among the 76 were the names of very prominent black citizens, for instance Charles Evers, Marian Anderson, Louis Armstrong, Cab Calloway, and Lionel Hampton—some of whom would in due course become Nixon enthusiasts; none of whom was given lightly to implying that other Americans are racist, that being the clear implication of the advertisement concerning Nixon and Reagan.

Now someone asked me, at a public situation in Miami, to comment on the ad. I said it was reprehensible, and that it was, on the face of it, a Rockefeller operation, undoubtedly paid for by Rockefeller headquarters. That afternoon, a journalist reported my observation to Governor Rockefeller at a press conference. "Is that true," the reporter asked, that the ad was a Rockefeller operation?

"No," said the Governor. "It isn't true." Whereupon he added, genially, "You have to understand that Mr. Buckley fell off a boat a couple of days ago." Everybody laughed, myself included when I saw it on television.

A week or so later, my office telephoned the *Miami Herald*. We were put off to a Mr. Bob Govin, who handled the Citizens of Black America ad. He advised us that a woman named Evelyn Cunningham had come to the offices of the *Herald*, cash in hand, with copy for the Black America ad, which the *Herald* routinely accepted.

But, he said, he was very sorry he had done so.

Why, we asked?

Because, he said, he had received somewhere between thirty and fifty letters from people whose names had been listed as signers, protesting that they had never given their permission to appear in the ad. Who, for instance? Well, he couldn't remember them all, but he could offhand remember that he heard from Charles Evers, Lionel Hampton, Marian Anderson, and Louis Armstrong, who had emphatically disavowed the ad.

Who was Miss Cunningham, we persevered?

Don't know, Mr. Govin said. All he got from her by way of address was Hotel Lucerne, Miami Beach, and her permanent address as 4919 16th Street, NW, Washington, D.C.

I FOUND that address listed in the Washington phone book as belonging to one Barrington D. Parker who—what do you know?—turned out to be one of the three delegates from D.C. pledged to Rockefeller. On a hunch, we then called Rockefeller-for-President Headquarters, which was winding up its affairs. Miss Cunningham, we were told, could be reached at—Rockefeller's New York gubernatorial office.

I should add that there is no reason necessarily to infer from all this that Nelson Rockefeller was being specifically untruthful. The chances are very good that he was personally unaware of everything his staff was doing, even as Nixon was not always aware of what CREEP was doing. Probably it all evolved from an initiative by Jackie

Robinson, who was a Rockefeller nut—who called Lomax, to give the ad a West Coast feel so as to keep it from sounding too obviously like a New York Rockefeller operation. How they got the names, only Lomax knows and he's daid: presumably somebody just made up a list of prominent Negroes. Then, to attend to the mechanics of the ad, it was arranged for an efficient young lady to deliver the cash. Whose cash? We'll leave the answer to that question to people who have never fallen off a boat. □

THE BRITISH ELECTION

New York, Oct 15—A few observations on the British election, not all of them morose.

1. It is sometimes very necessary to take the long view of things. I remember as a schoolboy being terribly startled when Winston Churchill spoke his famous phrase, "if the British Empire lasts for a thousand years, men will still say, 'this was their finest hour.'" What struck me, at age 15, was that anyone should even entertain a doubt that the British Empire would last a thousand years. Surely things like the British Empire were invented by God to last forever. Five years after Churchill spoke those words he was speaking them not bombastically, howling back at the Nazi gale, but defensively, to his own people. He said he had not been appointed His Majesty's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. A few years after that, the British Empire was reduced to an administrative abstraction. Hitler had very little to do with it.

2. A British philosopher and political theorist, infuriatingly unread except by a small audience overtaken by his brilliance, long ago evolved the thesis that somewhere along the line, back a few hundred years ago, Western civilization abandoned its experiment with freedom: that we became, in his phrase, "individualists manqués." Michael Oakeshott, best known for his withering scorn of irrationalism in politics, concluded that the burden of freedom was too great, and that therefore however fitfully man looks for freedom, in fact he will permit himself to be crushed by the state. Americans who have never questioned their conviction that freedom is here to stay should remember that it was for Abraham Lincoln a very open question. The Civil War, he said at Gettysburg, would test whether government of the people, by the people, and for the people would soon perish from this

earth. More recent American examples center around Woodrow Wilson's quixotic crusade to bring democracy to the peoples of the world. Since then democracy has been drastically reduced, and increasingly historians agree that Wilson's campaign accelerated the attrition.

3. In England now the people have spoken very firmly. They have given the socialist government total power. A majority of the House of Commons is, in English terms, total power. Harold Wilson's problems, meanwhile, make our own, by contrast, nugatory. He has an inflation rate up near 20 per cent. The imbalance of trade has to be stopped, or else credit will be gone, absolutely. He has relied, in the few months between the election in which he came in without a working majority and this last election, on the rhetorical device—the "social contract" with the labor unions. Translated, the social contract meant that the unions would behave for long enough to get Wilson reelected with an absolute majority. The social contract is without strategic social substance. Because even if England's labor unions didn't increase ever again their demands, their work habits, the bureaucratization of the productive machinery of England, the soaring demand for free social services, the impediments to economic ingenuity and the accumulation of wealth, condemn the economy to stagnation. What England has which is of great potential value is oil, billions of barrels of it, in the North Sea. The banks are unwilling to accelerate the extraction of this oil, risking hundreds of millions of dollars, unless a reliable arrangement can be made to secure a profit for the investors. The oil may prove for Wilson's socialism what the fruit tree was to Tantalus: always there, always just out of reach.

4. Which brings one to the thought that there is something to be said for another Western democracy than our own heading for the final collision of forces. It is, of course, the collision between the human appetite and human self-respect. The former desires: everything, promising no correlative exertion. The latter insists that some things one never gives away: human freedom, which includes the freedom to accumulate property. Democratic socialism's great historical vanity is that you can have it and eat it too. England will find out ahead of the United States, and what happens there will sober us here. It is a pity to have to learn from the ordeal of another people. But remember, it was a free election. The CIA had nothing to do with it. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

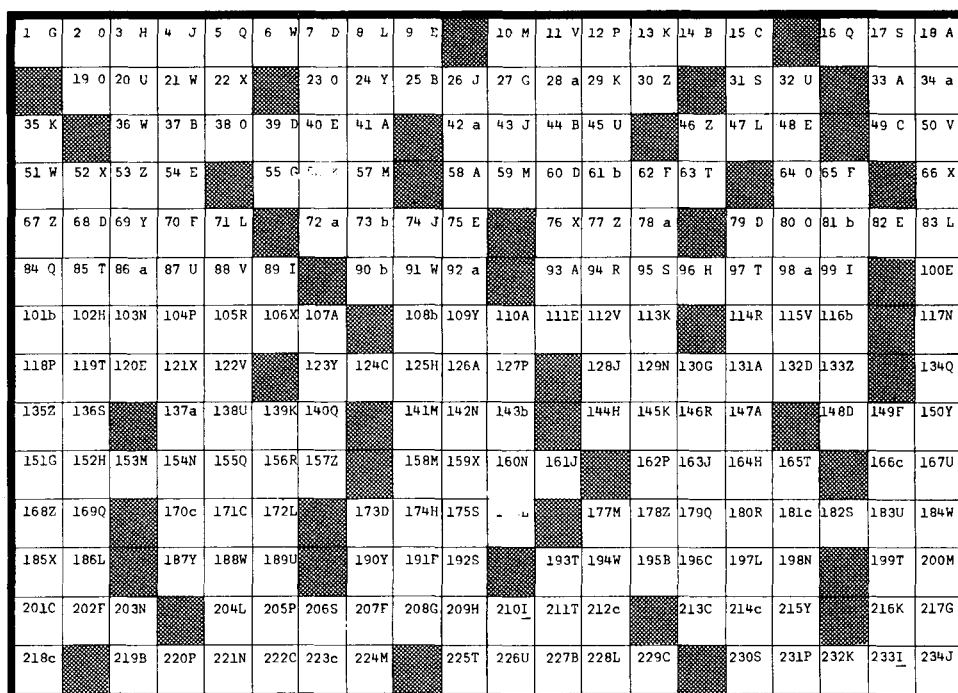
- A. Don't keep your nose too close to this
41 18 131 33 58 93 107 110 126 147
- B. Author, *The Thousand-and-first Night* (1924)
44 219 227 25 195 37 14
- C. Regarded with reverential respect
49 196 171 201 124 213 229 222 15
- D. Uttering with a low inarticulate voice
68 7 60 79 173 39 132 148
- E. Name given by the Greeks to the Furies
82 111 75 48 40 100 9 120 54
- F. American historian (1893-1963) received Pulitzer prize in history
65 191 207...62 70 149 202
- G. Mother usually polices this
130 27 55 1 217 151 208
- H. Something gained or added
209 3 96 152 125 144 174 164 102
- I. Sluggish
99 233 210 89
- J. A vessel for washing
234 128 26 163 4 74 43 161
- K. TORCH SEAT
35 56 29 145 232 139 13 216 113
- L. Willful
47 8 83 172 176 186 197 204 228 71
- M. Alienated
57 224 158 200 141 153 177 59 10
- N. Articles of ceremonial attire
117 103 198 203 154 160 142 221 129
- O. A chemical element
2 23 38 64 80 19
- P., and, and
127 220 12 118 104 205 231 162

- Q. Gushing
140 16 134 84 169 5 179 155
- R. To feel contrition
146 180 94 105 156 114
- S. A gold coin of Great Britain
175 17 230 95 136 192 31 206 182
- T. Set up or formally institute with the necessary personnel and equipment
199 85 119 97 193 225 165 211 63
- U. Persons using the same quarters to save money
226 20 138 183 45 87 189 167 32
- V. Memorable events or dates
11 112 50 88 115 122
- W. A dreamy pensive composition for the piano
91 194 36 51 188 21 6 184
- X. Where most of World War I was fought
76 121 22 185 66 159 52 106
- Y. Responded sympathetically
150 69 187 109 123 190 24 215
- Z. Members of one of the most powerful early Germanic tribes
178 30 46 53 67 133 135 157 77 168
- a. A watertight inclosure or structure
28 34 42 72 78 86 92 98 137
- b. Adapted a musical composition by scoring for voices or instruments other than those for which originally written
61 73 81 90 101 108 116 143
- c. Author, *You Know Me, Al* (1915)
166 170 181 212 214 218 223

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1312 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



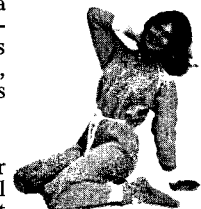


The Bundler™

*It's the "sleeper" of the season . . .
the grown-up version of the
classic favorite for children . . .
the "wearable blanket" that
will make any female
a beautiful baby
all over again!*



Take any gal who's ever worn and loved and outgrown the *original* version of this wonderful body-warmer . . . let her snuggle into our adult Bundler and behold a winter fashion wonder! It's quite frankly sexy. Flattering to the figure, yet oh so soft and comfortable. It's wonderfully warm . . . styled in soft, fuzzy acrylic (yes, the same good fabric as the still-popular youngset's model).



The Bundler is made for lounging, for sleeping, for daydreaming . . . for just plain luxury. There's a full zipper, plus knitted wristlets, plus a rope waistband that will keep a girl cozier from top-to-toe than she's been since who-knows-when. (For extra warmth, even the slippers have ankle rope-ties.) Note, too, that the slippers are *detachable*. With The Bundler around, even without blankets there's never a draft!

What's it all add up to? A gift of beauty, of warmth, deep-down comfort and practicality for any lady you know . . . whether she admits to 50 or boasts of 15. One small apology: we don't make The Bundler for men—but we're working on it. *Order The Bundler today.* Delightfully different to give or get . . . the perfect idea for college dorms, skigoers, winter vacationers, holiday gifts. Machine washable and dryable, of course.



A beautiful buy . . . only **\$18.95**

SPECIAL SAVINGS: 2 or more Bundlers . . . only **\$17.50** each

Choose from 4 colors

If height is:	Choose this Size
up to 5'2"	Small
5'2" to 5'4"	Medium
5'4" to 5'6"	Large
Over 5'6"	Extra Large

Pink Lily	Dark Blue
Yellow Glow	

The UNIQUE Guarantee
Unique ideas, unique quality, unique value—accurately described and promptly shipped. Plus a promise: you must be pleased with your purchase **always** (a month from now or a year from now) or your money back fast. That's a **UNIQUE** guarantee!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

UNIQUE Products Co. Dept. Z-950, Hanover, Pa. 17331

Please rush **Bundler(s)** as indicated, at **\$18.95** each . . . (**\$17.50** each, if ordering 2 or more.) Add \$2 per garment for shipping and handling. (Md. residents add sales tax.)

- ☐ I enclose check or m.o.
☐ Charge my Credit Card: ☐ Diners Club
☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Playboy Key
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge Bank #

Account #

Expiration Date

Signature

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

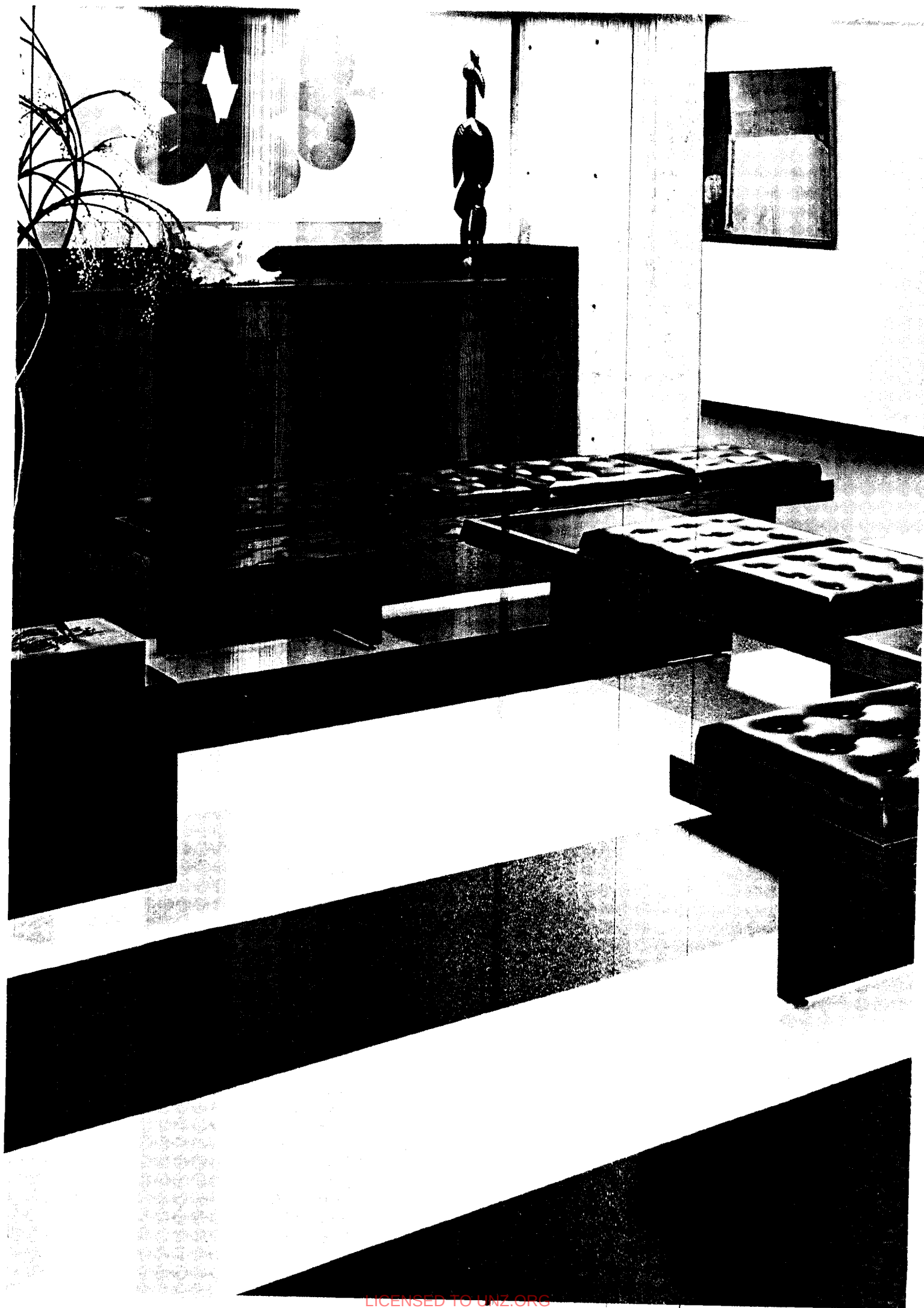
STATE

ZIP

(No. Z 30247A) Bundler		
Quantity	Color	Size

unique
Products Co.

DEPT. Z-950, HANOVER, PENNA. 17331





There's a lot more to Quiet Zone than meets the eye—or the ear. When you first see it, Armstrong Quiet Zone looks like a modern, attractive Armstrong Vinyl Corlon® floor. But when you walk on it, and feel its comfort, and listen to your footsteps, you might think it's carpet.

Because underneath, Quiet Zone is unlike any floor you've probably ever seen. A thick backing of Cushioncord® vinyl foam muffles footsteps and the clatter of dropped objects. It also cushions feet, for more walking and standing comfort.



You know how important quietness and comfort are. You know how important good design is. And you know how important practicality is.

Quiet Zone is all of that. Its rugged, heavy-duty vinyl surface resists scuffs and stains. Maintenance is simple and economical. And Quiet Zone is available in two handsome patterns, which are richly textured to help disguise traffic marks and subfloor irregularities.

Install Quiet Zone. Listen to it work. More information? Please mail the coupon.

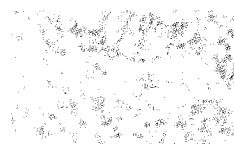
Shh. Quiet Zone® at work. You know it's vinyl, but you might think it's carpet.



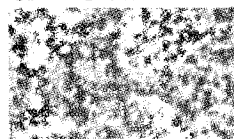
83020 Brown



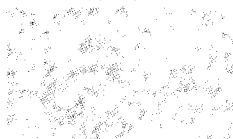
83021 White



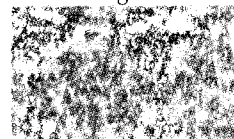
83022 Beige



83023 Gold



83024 Green



83025 Gray-Beige

The Quiet Zone pattern illustrated here is called Grand Central.

For more information, send this coupon to Armstrong, 311 Hunter Rd., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FROM THE  INDOOR WORLD® OF

Armstrong

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Exxon representative takes Newark high school students on a guided tour of facilities at Exxon's Bayway Refinery.

In 10 years, these high school students may help America overcome a major new shortage.

The 1980's. You'd expect them to be years of tremendous technological growth. But they may not be. Because by 1980, the U.S. may face a severe shortage of scientists and engineers—even though we have the talent to prevent such a shortage.

The problem, however, is that much of this talent sits underdeveloped in the classrooms of our urban areas, especially where minorities comprise a major segment of the student body. And yet, this is where new technology could have its greatest impact—both on solving urban problems that need urgent answers—and in helping minority students gain new opportunities for careers in the upper levels of industry.

Unfortunately, many students with aptitudes for successful careers in science or engineering don't recognize their potential. Or if they do, their schools often lack the academic facilities to prepare them for university science curriculums. Exxon is trying to



change this situation in several ways.

For example, in cooperation with the National Science Foundation, Exxon recently funded an innovative summer engineering program for high school students in the Newark, N.J. area.

During the six-week program, conducted at the Newark College of Engineering, the students held classroom chalk-talks; went on fact-finding field trips; analyzed the data on a computer and formulated theoretical engineering solutions to problems facing Newark today. These included problems in transportation, recreation, housing, sanitation and pollution.

While it's impossible to say how many of these students will eventually pursue careers in science and engineering, it's a fact that they all expressed more interest in these fields after the program. Next summer Exxon will be back in Newark. Until then, we'll continue our other programs to aid and promote engineering.

We'll again be working with the National Academy of Engineering to identify the critical factors limiting the enrollment and retention of minority students in engineering. We'll also be funding new engineering programs for minorities at 15 major colleges and universities—and helping to strengthen the engineering programs at predominantly minority schools, such as Howard University, North Carolina A&T, Tuskegee Institute, Prairie View A&M, Tennessee State University and Southern University.

If we can help it, engineers and scientists are one shortage this country isn't going to have. We believe giving minority students equal opportunities in these fields is the way to prevent it.

